TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

WANDERER-LIED.

BY MARGARET HUSTED.

Mine are the paths few choose to tread,
Through quiet valleys, green and low,
Guarded close by sheltering hills,
Fair as the Eden of Long Ago.

Mine are the sweet wild flowers that bloom,
Roses that brighten the woodland way,
Or the daintier blossoms that choose to hide
Far from the light of the scorching day.

And the winds bring me stories of the hills,
Whose misty peaks I can dimly see,
Where goose and heather and blue-bells bloom,
Bergles you shall one day climb with me.

Mine are the carols the wild birds sing,
Watching their nests in wood or lea,
Mine all the songs the rivers know,
Mine the deep voices of the Sea.

Mine the soft music the idle winds
Wake in the elms 'neath the summer sky;
Mine the deep anthems the pine-wood chant,
To the roar of the surf when the winds are high.

Mine all the beauty of cloud and mist,
And the blue of the sky when the sun is bright;
Mine the calm light of the friendly stars,
And the solemn quiet and rest of night.

And often along my chosen path
A fellow pilgrim walks with me,
And we talk of the strange lands we have seen,
Or the stranger lands we are yet to see.

Do you wonder that I am content to roam,
And let the world and its work go by?
Have a king would leave his throne,
To be as happy and free as I.

For the Blade.

A SONG OF INCONSTANCY.

BY JESSIE G. HART.

Oh, white is the lily, the whitest of flowers,
And its breath the sweetest I ween,
But across on the river's farther side
Are flowers I never have seen.
So I'll wear these to-day, my lilies white,
To-morrow cross the river with,
And gather the flowers, the rare new flowers,
That bloom on the other side.

Come sit on my wrist, my snow-white dove;
Long time you've been my pet, dear one;
But I saw a bird, a brave brown bird,
On a dew-wet branch as day began.
Oh, he robin's breast is red as a rose,
And I'll spread such a cunning snare!
And catch, who knows, that brave brown bird,
My home and my love to share.

DAY BY DAY.

A little older every day,
A little nearer to the close;
Nearer the ending of the fray,
Nearer the long repose.

Nearer the time when o'er our head
Shall spring the blossom and the grass,
And friends will murmur, "He is dead,"
As by our tomb they pass.

Nearer the time when we shall cast
An anchor by the mystic shore;
And see and feel and know, at last,
What we could not before.

Ah! how the years go rolling on!
How short the step to manhood's prime,
How soon the gold of life is gone
Into the vaults of time!

Our Story Teller.

For the Blade.

JACK WARNE'S WOOING.

A THANKSGIVING EVE TALE.

Looking back at myself in my 23d year, (though that period is not so very far in the past), it seems to me that I must have been a very conceited young man. I would not for the world hint that, down in the depths of my heart, I ever entertained such a thought to the person sitting at the other side of the room at this present moment; for should I do so, farewell to my ever again rejoicing over a certain girlish escapade—the particulars of which I may as well relate for the edification or warning of the reader, according to his or her sex.

At the time to which I particularly refer, I was the junior partner in the publication of a thriving weekly journal in a prosperous little city of one of the earlier settled Western states. It will not do to particularize, as there are too many people who would recognize the place, and consequently the persons to whom they must necessarily be introduced in the relation of this incident. We were doing a very nice little business, and the natural assurance of a young fellow of my age at that time was somewhat intensified by the solid character of the returns we were realizing. Hence, as I confessed a moment ago, I was somewhat conceited. This did not prevent me, however, from working hard to keep our business driving along, as I had long ago made the discovery that the way to make a business profitable is to obey Gen. Grant's famous order and "push things."

My partner was a gentleman several years older than myself, a genial, whole-souled fellow, named Richards. We both attended to the business of the office, and divided the editorial duties also—Richards, as a rule, attending to the political work, and I handling the local news. This duty was all the more agreeable to me from the fact that I went a great deal into society, and this mode of spending much of my spare time aided me greatly in gathering the variety of local events and society happenings that graced the "city" columns of the *Herald*, which was the name of our paper. I chronicled all the little "unconsidered trifles" of daily life in the place, the movements of people, the tea-table gossip, revamped the funny little occurrences of which I became cognizant—not, of course, forgetting to give full space and attention to the weightier local happenings of the day in town and the surrounding district. The result was that the *Herald* became a high favorite with the people, much to the disgust of our "loathsome contemporary," the editor of the *Courier*; for, as Richards invariably remarked every Thursday morning, when our paper was issued, "we have scooped the *Courier* badly on local this week again."

I had spent several of the years of my boyhood, before I went to college, and my vacations, in the town; and though after I graduated I had been away for the greater portion of three years, first as assistant on an engineer's corps on a Western railroad, and then having over a year's experience as a reporter on a Chicago daily, I had made several visits in the interval to the pretty little city which I always thought of as my home, and had thus kept alive my somewhat extended acquaintance with the young people residing there.

In fact, in my case, familiarity had bred contempt, in a modified form, for the young folks of my rather extensive acquaintance, aided somewhat by that conceit of which I spoke. Not that this was ever expressed in supercilious talk or actions. I had too much of that quality known as "business sagacity" for that. I knew that the success of the *Herald* depended, in a considerable measure, on the popularity of the proprietors thereof. If the idea of matrimony ever entered my mind, it was never in connection with any young girl of my acquaintance, the "ladye faire" of my dreams was a sweet, refined, etherealized eidolon of femininity—a Greek goddess humanized, so to speak. My dim, ideal wife was far removed from any earthly maiden I had ever met. And I am sure now that she was as far removed from any possible flesh and blood woman who ever lived—whether in the dim twilight of Greek civilization, or in the midst of the nineteenth century life of the Western world.

So stood my life till one November. The season had been an exceptional one. The dreamy haze of the Indian summer had covered the landscape for days, and the brilliant dyes of the autumn woods had gradually, imperceptibly melted into the brown and sere tint of the later fall; yet so far as the temperature went, the northern breeze brought scarcely a premonition of the coming winter. We—that is, the gay crowd of young people who constituted the set which I considered particularly my own—had taken full advantage of the warm, sunny, glorious days; and nutting parties, expeditions in search of autumn leaves, rich with the blood of the dying year, and equestrian expeditions, had filled the mellow, hazy afternoons; while the evenings were no less pleasantly spent in music, gay conversation, and often in an impromptu dance.

One of my companions was a young man, of about my own age, named Charley Duncan. He had been a school and college mate of mine, and we had always been great friends. He was a rather good-looking fellow,—tall, well-built, with an abundance of light-brown hair, and a handsome mustache, much darker in color, which drooped in a ravishing manner over a large but pleasant mouth. Charley was a somewhat impressible youth, but still heart-whole. He had been away for nearly a year. He had taken a medical course, received his diploma, and practiced for some time with his father. But, with a praiseworthy desire to perfect himself in the healing art, he had spent almost a year, as I have said, in an Eastern hospital. Coming back, he again became, as he had been before, an important factor in our coterie of fun-loving, pleasure-seeking young people.

One evening, we had been at an informal gathering of half a dozen young men and as many young ladies—an impromptu sort of affair, all the more pleasant on that account. The place of this gathering was the home of two of our coterie—the "Norton girls," as they were collectively termed. Lou, the elder, was a charming brunette, of about my own age, lively, laughing, with bright black hair and an ebon clavelure, whose curly masses were in a state of chronic rebellion to the puny restraints of pins and ribbons.

We had had music in the parlor, a half-hour "carpet dance," lunch, and then broke into groups, engaged in lively chat. I was promenading with Lou Norton, and we were discussing the feasibility of an old-fashioned Thanksgiving party, to be held the night before the great American household festival, now hardly a week distant.

Lou was summoned from my side for an instant by her sister, to consult on some housekeeping topic. I strolled a few steps through the hall, and in an idle freak stepped into a small room, dignified by the title of "study," principally because, I think, it was too small to be used for anything else. The door was half ajar. Just as I came upon the threshhold, I caught sight of Charley Duncan. He was bending over some one, I could not see who, in an attitude of intense interest.

Now, I had shrewdly suspected that master Charley had awakened an interest in the bosom of the high-spirited Lou Norton. True, he himself had said nothing to me about it—from which fact I inferred that his heart was as yet untouched by the charms of the bright brunette. I felt that if his thoughts had been turned that way, I would have been most likely to have heard of it.

Seeing him thus bending over a lady whom I could not see, I immediately connected Miss Lou's absence with the matter. Was it possible that, after all, there was an understanding between them, of which I was ignorant? Was Lou's sister in it, and had she called Lou from my side at Charley's bidding? I will admit it was none of my business; but I must confess I was curious, so I stepped forward far enough to look past the half-open door to enable me to see who the lady really was.

It was not Miss Lou. Rather her exact opposite, as far as her personal characteristics went. She was a petite blonde, with flossy ringlets like spun red gold; clear, deep blue eyes, which were lifted to Charley's face; and an exquisite complexion, whose peachy bloom harmonized admirably with both hair and eyes. No, certainly not Lou! But little Elsie Randolph. I knew her well, of course. But the sight of her on this occasion, under these circumstances, made the same impression upon me that it would had she been a stranger.

Elsie was several years younger than myself—not over four or five, but enough to have me hitherto regard her as a little girl as yet. The fact that she had grown up into a charming young lady had not struck me until I caught sight of her sitting there, with Charley bending over her in a most lover-like attitude, the soft color coming and going in her pretty face as he talked to her in low tones.

A sharp pang struck through me at the sight. I was astonished, as well as mystified. Just then I heard quick footsteps behind me, and Lou Norton came flying up.

"Jack," began she, "won't you come and make one at the whist table with Nellie Gates and—"

Just then she caught sight of the little tableau at which I was looking. A low exclamation escaped her. A burning blush mantled her cheeks, only to be succeeded by a gray pallor, while an expression of pain passed over her features. She drew back quickly.

Jack and Elsie sprang to their feet, and the latter, seeing me standing in the doorway, a wave of bright crimson swept swiftly and entirely over her pretty face, visible even amid the golden floss of little curls that shaded her forehead, and an expression of deep annoyance crossed her expressive countenance for an instant.

"Don't you people wish to take a hand at whist?" asked I. "Miss Lou is trying to make up a game."

Lou followed me into the study and repeated the request. Elsie acceded eagerly, "to hide her embarrassment," thought I, and Charley promptly and courteously did the same, though I thought that he was not well pleased to have his little tete-a-tete so unceremoniously broken off.

I was surprised to see the sudden access of spirits that came over Lou Norton. She joked and laughed constantly, in spite of the whist, which, more than any other game, requires the undivided attention of the player. Elsie, too, though she was silent, saying nothing unless in answer to a direct question, made a succession of horrifying errors, while for myself, I committed more mistakes than I had before considered myself capable of. Charley was apparently the most composed of the quartette, but made no remarks at the quick succession of blunders of which the rest of us were guilty. I noted that Elsie was covertly watching me. And when by chance our eye met, the color again mantled her peachy cheeks.

"Little minx!" thought I, "she is ashamed that I caught her flirting with Charley!"

I was unfeignedly glad when the little party broke up. Charley escorted Elsie home; and as they passed me in the hallway, I caught her eye. Again a wave of soft color dyed cheek and brow a delicate crimson. I had but a few steps to go to reach the home of the lady whose escort I was, and I was unfeignedly glad when the good-night was said, and I was alone with my own thoughts. I was not a bit sleepy, and on my way home stopped at the office. There was a good fire in the stove; so I lit the gas, took a cigar, and sat down with my own thoughts.

They were not pleasant. I was obliged to confess to a state of things I had not before suspected. I was really in love with sweet little Elsie, and all signs pointed to a mutual flame between her and Charley. Else why did she blush when I saw her tete-a-tete with him, and thereafter? "Isn't she sly, though? But it's not a bit like her. She is open as the day, gay as a bird," thought I. And this was the first time, I remembered, that Duncan had even acted as her escort.

And Lou Norton? Evidently in love with Charley also. Here was a complication! "I'll not be alone in wearing the willow," said I to myself. And then I reverted again to Elsie Randolph—pretty little golden-haired Elsie! What a rare little flower, whom I had hitherto passed by as a young girl, in no-wise recalling my dim ideal of the mistress of my heart, but with whom I was certainly in love. And Charley Duncan? Why had he been so secret about the matter?—

Just then rapid steps came up the stairway, the door opened, and Duncan himself stepped in.

"Ah, Jack! I saw a light in the window, and I hoped it was you. I want to speak with you, old boy. Got another cigar? Thanks." And he lighted it, and seated himself. "Now, Jack, I want to say a word to you. What do you think of Miss—"

I did not wish to discuss his passion for Elsie Randolph, so I interrupted him. "Had not you better explain that little episode in the study to Lou Norton? She saw you as well as I—and she was your hostess."

Charley's face fell. "The dickens! Yes, I suppose I must.—But I want to talk to you about—Elsie Randolph."

"Well, what of her?" demanded I.

"What do you think of her?"

"I suspect, Charley, that what I may think of her is of far less importance to you than what you yourself may think of her, after that scene in the study, upon which I broke in so rudely, I certainly think you are in love with the young lady. In fact, I fear I disturbed a proposal. And as for Miss Elsie, I have no doubt, from what I saw, that she reciprocates the feeling."

I wanted to have the scene over. I did *not* wish to discuss Elsie's perfections with Charley, and rushed at once to the conclusion, hoping to choke him off from a long talk. To my astonishment, he looked very much perplexed.

"Do you think Lou Norton entertains the same opinion, Jack?"

"I am certain of it."

"Did she say anything to you about—about the scene in the study?"

"Not a word, of course. But Lou has a speaking face, and it told me her opinion."

Charley got up and crossed and recrossed the room, puffing energetically at his cigar. Finally he stopped, and driving his hands down in his pockets, he leaned his back against a bookcase, and said:

"Jack, are you *sure* Lou Norton arrived at the same conclusion you did regarding that scene in the study?"

"I certainly think so, although I cannot be certain. You had better ask her yourself, Charley."

"H-m-m. Perhaps. Well, good-night. I must be off, Jack." And with that he rattled off down the steps on his homeward way.

I went about my business with a heavy heart. I was thoroughly awakened to the fact that I was in the grasp of a hopeless passion. I did not know I loved till it was too late. The idea of attempting to enter the lists against Charley crossed my brain, but only to be rejected. Aside from the dishonorable nature of such a proceeding, the blushes that mantled Elsie's sweet face whenever her glance had met mine that evening, conscious that I had detected her in a love making episode, told me that she reciprocated Charley's affection.

Meanwhile the preparations for the Thanksgiving eve party had gone on, of which the Norton mansion was to be the scene. A large number of invitations had been issued, and the occasion promised to be a very gay one. But, for once in my life, I had lost all interest in such matters.

I met Charley frequently, but we never discussed his episode with Elsie Randolph. He never alluded to it, and I certainly did not wish to be tortured by any lover-like phrases on his part; and though I was dying to hear how his wooing sped, I would not ask him concerning it, lest I should be compelled to listen to his raptures.

One evening, troubled in mind, I strolled aimlessly about the town. Almost instinctively, from dwelling in my thoughts upon Elsie, my steps were bent in the direction of her home. It was a substantial two-story house, on the very edge of the town. In fact, the street upon which it stood had never been opened, but ended in a cul-de-sac, the bottom of which was formed by the gateway opening upon the carriage-drive to the barn. The large yard was filled with trees, and on their sides it was surrounded by fields. The carriage drive was but part of a long lane, leading along the side of the yard and the field next beyond, for a half mile or more, where it entered a country road. It was for the accommodation of Mr. Randolph and the farmer who owned the adjoining land, whose house was at its other end. It was a very pleasant, smooth and shady road, and had been much used as a pleasure drive, until the aforesaid farmer, grown wrathy because careless persons would persist in leaving the gate ajar, had nailed it up and forbidden the use of the drive to the public only a couple of months before.

I stopped and looked along the deserted lane. Then a sudden yearning came over me to see Elsie. I turned in at the gate, walked up to the house and rung the bell.

I was conducted into the sitting-room. Elsie and her mother were both there, seated by a bright open fire—Mrs. Randolph reading, and Elsie busied over a piece of fancy-work. She blushed as she advanced to meet me, but welcomed me cordially, as did her mother. I inquired after the family. Mr. Randolph was not at home, and his wife lamented that Will, the only child besides Elsie, would not be at home from college to spend his Thanksgiving. He was working hard, and preferred postponing his visit at home until the Christmas holidays.

It was extremely pleasant hour. Elsie had been quiet and apparently somewhat embarrassed at first, but soon began talking gayly about the Thanksgiving party on the coming Wednesday evening—and it was now Monday night. If I could have kept away all thoughts of Charley Duncan, I would have been supremely happy. Elsie looked very, very beautiful, nestled in a great easy-chair, the lamplight shining on her golden hair, and her little white hands busily working as she talked. I watched her intently, and when her deep violet eyes were lifted to meet my gaze, the the color came and went on her expressive face. The thought that she was lost to me was maddening, but still I lingered. I believe I would have been wild enough to tell her of my passion, had it not been for the presence of her mother. But the latter lady chatted pleasantly on, and was apparently a fixture in the room. Finally I made my adieux, and tore myself away.

As soon as I was alone, the wish came to me that I might go away and cure myself of this hopeless passion. It would be agony to me to witness the union of Elsie and Charley. Restless, I walked down to the office, to try to divert my mind from the one thought that dominated it.

Richards was sitting at his desk, going through the evening mail, which he had brought from the postoffice. He tossed a letter over to me.

It was from a friend in an Eastern city, asking if I could accept an editorial position on a literary weekly paper in which he was interested, and naming a handsome salary, nearly thrice what I was receiving as my share of the *Herald's* profits. He asked me to reply at once, and if I decided to accept, wished my services as soon as I could make it convenient to come.

Never had an event been more providential. It fitted exactly with my desires, and its acceptance would remove me at once from the scene of my present misery. I turned to Richards, and, communicating my offer to him, expressed my desire to accept it.

He was astonished and somewhat annoyed, but he was too true a friend to stand in the way of my advancement. I told him nothing of the immediate reason I had for leaving, as he knew my aspirations in the literary line. In short, it was decided that I should go on at once and look into the matter in person; and a price was agreed upon between us which he should pay for my interest in the *Herald*. He requested me to aid in getting out the paper that week, which would be printed Wednesday evening instead of Thursday morning, on account of the latter day being the Thanksgiving holiday.

So I arranged to take the 12:30 express for the East on Wednesday night. I wished to spend the evening at the Norton's party, to meet all my young friends, and especially to see Elsie Randolph once more—for I had determined fully never to return, although Richards would not allow me to formally announce the truth. To please him, it was agreed that I should say I was going on a business trip, to be absent an indefinite time. He kindly insisted that I might not like the position; "go an try it, Jack," said he, as we parted at midnight, "and if you then conclude to stay, it will be time enough to announce it. If you don't, come back; the *Herald* will be glad of your return."

The next day was a busy one. I had many little things to do, in the way of preparation, besides my regular work, and this kept me from thinking, for which I was grateful. But after supper I lighted a cigar, and, not wishing to meet any one, started out to walk.

Need I say I bent my steps toward the Randolph mansion? Not with the intention of calling; but I had a wild, undefined hope that I might catch a glimpse of pretty Elsie's face, unseen by her. I reached the gate, entered the grounds, throwing away my cigar. The early twilight was fading, and I noiselessly reached a point from whence I could look into the open sitting room window. Mrs. Randolph was there, busily engaged in writing; but no Elsie.

Disappointed, I stole away, and determined to take a solitary stroll down the lane. I followed the carriage drive through to the barn as the shortest path to reach it, passed through the side gate and entered the lane, which here made an abrupt turn around the barn, which stood in the angle. I reached the corner of the structure, just as a bicycle turned it. The rider gave an exclamation, turned too suddenly to avoid a collision, and sprang off the saddle to avoid a fall. I instinctively reached to aid him—and had Elsie in my arms!

Yes, Elsie! In a neat-fitting boy's bicycling suit of gray cloth, belonging to her brother—blouse and knickerbockers, her golden hair neatly done up in a coil on top of her head, and surmounted by a natty polo cap!

The twilight was fading, but she recognized me, and the startled exclamation that rose to her lips was checked. All this passed in an instant. "Dear Elsie!" was my unguarded exclamation, in the extremity of my astonishment.

"Oh, Mr. Warne!" exclaimed she, recovering herself. "Oh, where did you come from? I—I must go!" and, leaving the bicycle overturned on the ground she started to pass me, a blush so deep that I could see it in the semi-darkness dyeing her features.

The sight of her sweet face scattered all my resolutions to the winds. "One moment, Elsie!" I pleaded, taking her hand. "I am going away—but I must tell *you* the reason. It is because I love you, Elsie!"

She stood in sweet confusion, her little hand lying passively in mine.

"I know," I continued, "that you love Charley Duncan. I could not bear to see you wed him, even though he is my friend. So I must go—"

She started at these words, and looking into my face said, "But I do *not* love Charley Duncan."

"Elsie! Not Charley? Can I—may I hope, Elsie? Could you ever love *me*, Elsie?"

Her head was bent so that I could not see her face, but her fingers tightened their clasp on mine. Bending so as to look into her face, I pleaded, "Can you love me, Elsie?"

"I *do* love you," she whispered. And there we sealed the compact with our first kiss.

"But tell me, Elsie—" I began.

"She looked up hurriedly. "Not now, Jack,"—it was the first time she had ever called me by my Christian name. "I can't talk—in this dress. To-morrow night at the party—I will tell you all there—I must go!" And allowing me one more kiss, she glided through the gate and was gone.

I picked up the overturned bicycle, which I recognized as her brother Will's, and placed it inside the gate. Then I went hastily down town—to find Charley Duncan. He was alone in his father's office, looking fixedly into the fire.

"Charley, why have you not told me about yourself and Elsie Randolph—if there is anything to tell?" said I, after a few commonplaces were exchanged. "You never explained to me the meaning of that scene in the study the other night."

"There is but little to tell, Jack. I can explain that little scene. I happened to meet Elsie alone in that room, and inquired if Will had gotten back from college.—Now, Jack, this must be strictly private.—I had seen somebody bicycling late that afternoon in the lane that runs through the Reynolds place, and supposed it was Will. It turned out to be Elsie, dressed in Will's clothes. She told me of it, and begged me to keep it secret. I was urging her not to do so heedless a thing, just as you appeared at the door. It seems that she does it for exercise, and doesn't want to give it up, though she promised to be very careful, and not to ride too far from the house. But Jack, what you said the other night has worried me. Elsie is a sweet little girl, Jack, but I don't love her. In fact, Jack—I prefer Lou Norton."

His words led to a quick explanation, and we separated for the night, the two happiest fellows in the world—for I told him what I had noted in Lou's manner, and it lifted him to the seventh heaven.

I debated the matter of going East again. The great motive was taken away, but the advantages in a pecuniary sense would be so great that I determined to go and investigate.

So the Thanksgiving Eve came on. I was early at the Norton residence, and impatiently awaiting Charley, who was to bring Elsie. She came, the darling! looking sweeter than ever. With Charley's aid, it was not long until she and I were alone in that same little study.

With my telling her what I already knew, it did not take long to understand one another. But what she then told me immeasurably astonished me. It was, that her mother had for a year and more given her to understand that she must marry a Mr. Apgar, a partner of Mr. Randolph's in various affairs. (I believe I have not mentioned that Elsie's father was a railway contractor.) They had many speculatians together, and Mr. Apgar, who was about thirty years old, had been impressed with the idea that Elsie would make him a good wife "when she is a little older," he said. So the plan had been agreed to. Apgar visited them occasionally, but was absent most of the time in the West. He was expected on Thanksgiving day, as was also Mr. Randolph; and Elsie's mother had told her that it was expected that the engagement would be formally made during this visit. "And, oh, Jack!" said Elsie, placing her hand in mine, "What *shall* we do?"

A daring thought flashed into my mind. "Elsie, are you eighteen yet?"

"I was eighteen two months ago, Jack."

I explained my plan. Elsie demurred at first; but finally love's pleading won the day, and I hurried out to find Charley. He entered heart and soul into my scheme, and left instantly, and I joined the gay crowd in the parlors.

I circulated among them all, and I suppose my hilarious spirits must have been remarked. But I cared little. At 11:30 Charley came in and handed a folded document slyly to me—a marriage license. "All right!" he whispered. "At 12 o'clock, sharp!" and he hurried away to find Lou.

It seemed to me that half-hour would never be gone. Elsie had disappeared, and I awaited Charley's return with impatience. Suddenly Lou Norton touched my arm. "Come!" she said. We made our way to the little study. Elsie was there, gazing intently on the clock, which was on the stroke of midnight.

A carriage rattled up to the door. In a few minutes Charley came in, accompanied by Dr. Wainwright, a clergyman.

A few formalities were settled, and Charley said: "All ready!" Charley and Lou led the way, Dr. Wainwright came next, and I, with Elsie on my arm, followed. The buzz of conversation was checked as we entered the parlors, and low exclamations went round the room. Charley and Lou gave the cue to those nearest the door as they entered, and the astonishing news went round the room.

It was soon over. A few minutes past midnight on Thanksgiving morning Elsie and I were wedded. The gay young crowd surged around with their congratulations, but the time was short, and in five minutes Charley, Elsie and I were in the carriage. Lou Norton was the last to say good-by, and we were whirled away amid a shower of rice, hastily procured from the kitchen.

My situation in the East was all I anticipated, and I still fill it. Elsie and I did not return to the old home till the June roses were in full bloom the next year, when we witnessed the bridal of Charley Duncan and Lou Norton.

Humor.

BURDETTE'S BET.

Why He Now Declines to Make Wagers on the Election Returns.

Brooklyn Eagle.

I did not bet any money on the recent election in Ohio. It has been many years since I upheld my political principles by coining them for base drachmas. A drachma, dear, is a spud, and a spud is a Lewis door, which door is an open sesame to the best society. Years ago, when I was young and charming, rather a trifle more young than I was much more charming, I bet a box of cigars with a political foe, but an esteemed personal friend, on the election of Mr. Hayes. To give him a show for his white alley, I bet him a hat on the result in New York. The returns promptly declared that I lost the hat, and the United States congress and the High Joint Arbitration commission, after gravely considering the question for many weeks, finally informed me that I had won the box of cigars. I never dreamed that such a simple bet would throw the public into such a painful state of suspense, excitement and confusion. I said then that never again would I thoughtlessly tamper with the peace and happiness of my country, though all my political foes went bareheaded and I had to pick up stubs for my personal smoking all the days of our respective and respected lives. I paid my hat bet. I went to the hatter with my friend, and had his head blocked for a special order. His blocked head fairly swam with joy when I told him I was going to have a hat made especially for him. He said:

"Robert——"

The sober, solemn truth is he said "Bob," but that doesn't look well in print, and I hate the name, anyhow.

"Robert, if you win the cigars, which Heaven forbid, I will go to Havana and make them myself."

I knew he would not. Far better than he did I knew it.

The hat was made under the personal supervision of the hatter, by and with the advice and consent of myself. It was a slick, shiny hat. It was about eighteen inches high, and as symmetrical as a stove-pipe. It was the same size all the way up. The brim was about an inch and a quarter wide, flat and straight as a silver dollar. It would have been the pride of a St. Patrick's day procession. It was the awfulest hat. Strong men shuddered when they saw it. I don't believe such a hat was ever made before or behind.

Well, I gathered about a score of our mutual friends. We got the band out, set the hat on top of a dry goods box in an open wagon, and paraded down to my friend's store, and I presented the hat with an elaborate and ornate address. Men said it was the greatest affort of my life. I think it was. It not only fatigued me, but people who heard it said it made them tired, too.

My friend's remarks in reply were very brief, but suffused with emotion. He took the hat, labeled it with my name and exhibited it in his window.

When the court of arbitration at last decided the other bet, the band and the crowd came out again and my foe presented me with a box of cigars. At the conclusion of the presentation speech he proposed that we smoke the weed of peace. I could not refuse. I faltered my thanks, lighted a cigar and puffed thrice or twice.

That was nearly eight years ago, and yet sometimes I am aroused from the profoundest slumber in the dead of night by the lingering farewell of the cigar. A policeman, who accidentally happened to be awake that afternoon, came along and arrested me on a charge of disorderly conduct, arson and assault with intent to commit hydrophobia. The magistrate smelled my breath as I pleaded not guilty, and fined me $10. I went home, and a committee of my neighbors waited on me at long range and gave me 24 hours to leave the state. I left the box of cigars on the office steps and two tramps was found dead beside it next morning. The board of health filed information against me for conspiracy, seized the cigars and threw them into the Mississippi river. All the fish between Burlington and Keokuk died that week. I took down my shot-gun, breathed into it, pointed it at a dog and he turned into a stone. I blew fiercely down the barrel of the gun, intending to hunt for my foe, and the gun burst on the spot. I—but why recount the harrowing experiences of that week of horrors? I only mention these few leading facts, because Truth, with a big T, is so sadly seldom during this campaign, and I wish to introduce a little of it to leaven or twelve the canvass.

No, if I knew I could lose all the hats and win all the cigars in America on New York alone, I would not bet that Mr. Blaine will carry Georgia by ever so small a majority. I expect to wear a straw hat all winter, and I have given up the use of tobacco in any form. I smoke only cigarettes.

The Court's Mistake.

Judge Savage, of Canarsie, N. Y., tells a good joke of a Gravesend judge. The justice was rather remarkable for conveying to jurors, in his charges to them, his own opinion with regard to the merits of the case. In one case he had done so with great plainness, but to his amazement the jury hung out for hours without coming to an agreement. The judge inquired of the constable what was the matter, and learned from him that one juror was hanging out against the other eleven. He sent for the jury at once, and stating to them that he had plainly intimated how the case ought to be decided, said he understood one juror was standing out against the other eleven. He proceeded to rebuke the jurors sharply. The obstinate juror was a nervous little Coney Island man, and as soon as the judge was done he rose and said: "Judge, may I say a word?" "Yes," said the indignant judge; "what have you to say?" "Well, what I wanted to say is, I am the only feller that's on your side."

Fully Prepared.

At a late meeting of the operatives of a neighboring city the chairman gave his hearers a little sound advice on the need of saving money against the time of old age and sickness.

"In spite of the good pay you have received," said he, "I'll venture to say that half the men present have not saved anything this summer."

To test the correctness of his statement, he asked several, from whom he got less satisfactory answers. Finally he looked over to where a well-to-do Irishman was sitting and said:

"Well, Patrick, how much have you got laid up against a rainy day?"

"An owld umbrilly in the attic, begorra, and that's enough for a workin' man."—*Boston Globe.*

The Editor's Revenge.

"Run around and see how old Blowhard is now," said the editor to the office boy. "We may get him yet for to-day's issue."

Boy gets back.

"Well, is he dead yet?"

"No; the doctor was there, and he said he was getting better."

"I don't believe a word of it. The old rascal never did like our paper, and he is holding off to die until after we issue, so the morning papers will get the news first. I'll fix him. I'll suspend publication for a few hours and see if I can't cheat the old son-of-a-gun."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

Bringing Things Home.

It is not unlikely that the young scion of Wales, Albert Victor, who is to drop over here next year, will come pretty close to duplicating some of the "slumming" which gave zest to the visit of Russia's Alexis some seasons ago. The son of the Prince of Wales has a reputation as a lively lad in his own home over the water. His experiments with red pepper in the Windsor castle furnace during a certain conference between the Queen and Disraeli have been laughed at by admiring Britishers a half dozen years or so. Here is another paragraph from the royal infant's biography, which, I think, has not been told in print hitherto. The captain of one of the royal yachts was brought from his cabin to the deck one day by a series of howls that in New York might have passed for an echoing dog show. The old tar was met with a battle scene wherein Albert Victor, whip in hand, was bending over a prostrate young brother and was lashing him most manfully.

"What's the matter?" gasped the captain.

"Matter?" ejaculated Prince Albert's son. "Matter enough! I'm larruping this kid because he won't do as I order him and sing 'God save his grandmother.' The old lady's got to be respected, you know."

Carrying a Concealed Weapon.

"Why do you refuse to live with your wife?" inquired Judge Duffy of Dennis Mulcahy.

"Bekase I'm in dhread av me loife wid her."

"How is your life endangered?"

"She shteals from me, yer honor, wid a concayled weapon. She has it on her person now."

"It's a lie, Judge. The truth's not in him," shouted Mrs. Mulcahy.

"Silence, woman," said the judge.

"Constable, has any concealed weapon been found on this woman?"

"No, yer honor."

"What do you mean by saying that your wife carries a concealed weapon?"

"What do I mean, is it? If ye were married to her you'd know what I mean."

"Can't the court find it out without getting married to her?"

"You can, yer honor. Just say something to raise her timper and she'll unscrew that ould concayled wooden leg of her's and clane out the court."—*Texas Siftings.*

He "Wrassled" No Farther.

He placed his cane and hat on a chair and took a seat with the remark:

"Your wife has been a member of my congregation for the last two years."

"Yes, I believe so."

"And I have felt it my duty to have a short conversation with you in regard to your own soul. I desire to speak with you more particularly in regard to gambling in grain. Do you realize the enormity of the offense?"

"I think I do. Just read that."

It was a telegram from Chicago reading: "Our loss in the late deal will be about $14,000 each."

The preacher didn't stay for any farther "wrassling," being convinced that his "leaner" must realize the enormity, and something to boot.

An Honest Count.

Housekeeper to servant—Now, Jane, you take this money, and go to the corner grocery and buy a dozen eggs. Count the eggs carefully, for that clerk is unprincipled enough to steal the state of New York if he is not watched.

Jane—What must I do?

Housekeeper—Look out for fraud. If he gives you eleven eggs for a dozen, contest the election and demand an honest count.

Jane—But suppose he makes a mistake and gives me thirteen eggs instead of a dozen?

Housekeeper—Then claim everything, and don't let him go behind the returns.

A Very Odd Girl.

"What a very odd girl that Miss Smith is," remarked a New York young woman; "she must be from the country."

"I have noticed nothing peculiar about her," was the reply. "She seems to be unusually bright and pleasant, and her manner is certainly charming."

"Yes, she is *au fait* in matters of that sort, but when we were introduced she took my hand and actually *shook* it."

MRS. SPOOPENDYKE is STAGE-STRUCK.

She and Her Husband Have a Private Rehearsal.

"My dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, contemplating herself in the glass as she removed her hat and gloves. "My dear, wasn't the theater just too sweet for anything! Do you know, I think I would like to go on the stage!"

"Like to drive, perhaps," suggested Mr. Spoopendyke.

"I mean act," replied his wife. 'I think I could do it as well as any of those women to-night. Do you know much about the theaters? Is it hard?"

"No," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke, tugging at his boots. "It would be very easy for you. All you have to do is to stand around and talk, and you won't need any rehearsal for that."

"But I would have to practice twisting around so as to fall in that man's arms like she did," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I don't think I could do it as gracefully as she did without trying several times."

"That's the part you want to play, is it?" growled Mr. Spoopendyke, with a shade of green in his eye. "You let me see you fall on any man's shoulders like that, and you'll find no trouble in getting twisted around a few times. What's your idea in going on the stage? Have you got a stomach full of devotion to art like the rest of the women of this generation? Got a sort of notion that you can go on the boards and show the old stagers how it's done, haven't ye? Feel the fires of histrionic genius climbing up your spine, don't ye? Well, you don't! It's nothing but your measly vanity."

"Don't you think I would know how to act?" she asked, pulling her crimps over her forehead, assuming a stern expression of visage, and stretching her arms down rigidly at her sides. "This is the way I would foil the villain."

"Is that what you call it?" inquired Mr. Spoopendyke, nursing his knee and glowering upon her. "It looks more as if you were bidding against another woman for a second-hand hair-cloth sofa at auction. If that sort of thing is calculated to foil the villain he must be pretty light in the waist."

"I don't know," smiled Mrs. Spoopendyke, rubbing her chin. "In all the plays I have ever seen they always drive the bad man off with a haughty look. Say dear, isn't this the way to welcome a husband after a long absence?" and she parted her lips, gazed eagerly into space, and extended her arms.

"That's the way to hail a street car!" grunted Mr. Spoopendyke. "If you want to make the welcome of the husband perfectly natural you ought to have a smell of onions in the hall and your back hair in your mouth. That's that's the kind of a welcome I always get."

"No, you don't, either!" protested Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I always run right up to you and kiss you."

"Well, there's a smell of onions about it somewhere," persisted Mr. Spoopendyke. "What makes you stick your arms out like andirons?" he demanded. "You look as if you were trying to keep off a dog."

"Anyhow, that's the way they do it," argued Mrs. Spoopendyke, a trifle abashed. "Then, when they get the letters telling them that their uncle has speculated away all their property, they do like this," and Mrs. Spoopendyke threw her hand to her forehead, staggered back, and caught hold of a chair.

"Which does like that, the uncle or the property?" asked Mr. Spoopendyke eyeing the performance with high disfavor. "It looks something like the property at the tail end of the speculation, but it resembles more accurately the uncle buying a lower berth for Canada."

"I meant for the orphan, who had been despoiled," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, straightening up and looking rather downcast. "It was intended for an attitude of despair. How would you do it, this way?" and she sank into the chair, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed violently.

"If I wanted to give the impression of a tight boot and corn, I should do it just that way," growled Mr. Spoopendyke.

"Should I throw my arms forward listlessly, and let my head fall so?" she inquired, suiting the gesture to the question.

"That's more like it," assented Mr. Spoopendyke with a grin. "People who hadn't seen the play before night think you were counting the pieces for the washerwoman, but the orchestra would understand it."

"I don't care," remonstrated Mrs. Spoopendyke; "I know I could act if I got a chance. Now see me scorn my lover when I find out that he loves me not, and has been paying his addresses to the heiress," and she threw her head back, stretched out one arm, and covered her face with a pale cast of loathing.

"That might do," said Mr. Spoopendyke slowly. "It looks to me like an attempt to borrow $2.50. Stick out the other hand and make it five. I don't know, though," he continued, "both arms would look like 'bring me me cheild!' I guess you'd better stick to the original amount. You'd be more apt to collect."

"Perhaps you think I'd do better in comedy," faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke, her spirits dashed by adverse criticism. "Now, we will suppose that I am the cook and boiled the watermelon, and you, as the master of the house, are enraged with me. How will this do for the c

Prohibition.

A Sermon Delivered by Rev. J. C. Jackson, Sr., Chillicothe, Ohio. Sunday Evening, November 1.

TEXT—Phil. 3: 19. "Whose end is destruction, whose god is their belly."

America is a land of liberty. The corner-stone of the Federal Union is the proposition that among the inalienable rights of man are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. These rights are by our theory and form of government assured to every man as long as he does not invade the rights of others. Whatever our private opinions in politics, in morals and in religion may be, however good and true they are, the theory of this government is that other men also have a right to their opinions. The government is founded in a spirit of compromise. And however righteous a man may be in his own eyes, he is not a good citizen if he does not abide by the idea that we are to think and let think, to live and let live.

Because we believe this to be a land of liberty, many of us have been what are called temperate temperance men. We were in sentiment liberals in temperance matters. I for one—and I suppose I am but one among thousands of such—was willing to lay my private total abstinence opinions upon the shelf in politics. I for one was willing that man should answer to his God, and not to human tribunals, as to the right or wrong of drinking beer or whisky. We conceived that it was not within the province of human government to make inquisition into a man's private habits, provided he did not become a public nuisance. We were willing to rely principally upon moral and educational means to prevent and reform drunkenness. We believed, however, in the prohibition of the saloon, with its drinking going on upon the premises, when it could be accomplished, as the laws of Ohio believed in its prohibition; but we did not see that this prohibition necessarily invaded any man's right to drink beer or whisky, provided he did not damage us by so doing. We believed that notwithstanding all the fearful abuses and perversions of the doctrine of personal liberty by the liquor interest, that there was yet a great and substantial truth at the bottom of it. We loved the sacred name of liberty so much that we were willing men should do things we knew were wicked and abominable in God's sight, if they forever should be abridged. We believed, further, while personally we were opposed to the great brewing and distilling interests of this state, that they nevertheless had been built up under the tolerance, if not with the connivance, of the state, and we felt it was not exactly honest or just to snuff them out at once by an immediate and sweeping prohibition. We would attain prohibition by gradual approaches, so that these interests might have time to retrench, and convert their property into other forms.

When the prohibition amendment was submitted, although we were Prohibitionists in principle, and although our hearts did "assent" to the doctrines of the amendment, yet such considerations as I have named caused us to refrain from voting for it. It appeared to us that such law, undoubtedly, as it originally did the idea that each locality should determine the matter of prohibition for itself and providing also a reasonable tax on the traffic, was about the thing in the then present state of affairs; and upon the Scott law we took our stand. I suppose that it must be owned that the second amendment was not carried because many thousand temperance men, like myself, even entertained substantially these opinions, and voted them at the ballot-box.

But how have the brewers and distillers of this state appreciated this forbearance of ours? Were they willing that the people should put the saloons when the majority wanted to do so? They immediately moved upon the legislature and compelled the recision of that feature of the Scott law. Were they willing to pay the small tax which would insure to the people a little "or the immense expense they caused us—an expense which amounts to between one-half and three-fourths of all our taxes? They assailed the Supreme Court to have the tax declared illegal. Were they willing that we should have a judiciary, honest, high-minded, incorruptible, on the Supreme Bench, who would give fair, unbiased decisions? Why, they have made a little color campaign against Judge Johnson, appealing to voters to scratch his name because he had decided cases according to what he conceived was law. It was the most outrageous attack upon the court of last resort that I have known in the history of our country. And now they are reading the heavens with their shouts of joy because, by the Scott law decision, they have escaped paying their fair share of the taxes they have caused us. They have escaped the "tax" and have incapacitated the people for appreciating forbearance. They have taken no notice of how liberal temperance men were, in the ranks of the reproaches of ir rational temperance men, who were telling us that the tax was "blood money," and calling us and the state accomplices in the liquor crime. The saloonists have not considered how we were giving the whisky element the benefit of every doubt, and straining a point with our consciences in order that the doctrine of liberty might not be imperiled. They have been unjust, unreasonable, and utterly and unspeakably tyrannical. They have shown that they have not the first conception of the nature of this tolerant government.

It has come to this pass in politics, that every question of importance attaches itself on the beer keg and whisky barrel. If I understand this campaign, I conceive that certain great issues are up for adjudication by the people. I understand that there is a question of free trade on the one hand and protection on the other. What has the saloonist shown he cares about this? I suppose also that in the canvass certain great educational and social movements in the South depend upon which party gets control of the government. I suppose that the results of the war are largely involved. What has the whisky interest shown it cares for those things? I suppose that questions of civil service reform, of foreign policy, of dealing with the public debt and the public domain are up for settlement. The saloonist has shown by his acts that he cares for all these things not one fig. He takes the Republican party by the throat and says: "Conciliate me, or I'll ruin you." He takes the Democratic party by the throat and says: "You are my slave, do my bidding, or I'll rip you up." Both Republicans and Democrats have become tired, and will stand this no longer.

With the Republican and Democratic party, *as parties*, this matter is not a question of beer or no beer, whisky or no whisky. These parties are not intolerant. It is a question of the continuous, intolerable tyranny of the saloons and the brewers, and the wholesale whisky dealers and distillers. Why cannot the brewers and distillers and saloonists keep their hands off on the great questions of the day, and let like other men? Have the dry goods men found it necessary to band together and bulldoze the two parties? Why should we not as reasonably have dry goods in politics as whisky in politics? The dry goods men can see something else; they are divided between high and low protection tariff. They have their preferences, but they divide on other subjects. They have some other God than dry goods. Have the shoemakers made themselves so officious and prominent? Have the farmers? The men who are doing something for the community—the men who are of some account in it—the men who, producing everything we live on, might have some reasonable right to interfere in politics?

Suppose the millers of this country would do as the saloonists have done, band together, corrupt the ballot, break the laws, terrorize the judiciary, defy public sentiment—the American people would take them by the scruff of the neck and sling them out of doors. Suppose the Roman Catholic church, or the Methodist Episcopal church, should formally, openly, defiantly meet before our political conventions and dictate the nominations, and tell the people endure it! They would say we were getting too impertinent; and would turn on these churches and put them in a corner, and they would do right.

It seems as if there is something about dealing in liquors that makes men pig-headed, selfish, stupid and utterly selfish. It seems that they are unable to affiliate with other business interests, or assimilate with respectable industries. They must thrust their unsavory calling upon the notice of decent people, until charity is worn out, forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and there is no way left but to kick them aside.

The chief difficulty with these gentry is that which is expressed by my text, not elegantly, but faithfully and forcibly: "Their god is their belly." Each one of these fellows knows no deity but a mug full of the bitter extract of rotten barley. His heaven is in a beer mug. He fears no hell but that his beer shall be taken from him. He has no politics nor religion nor belief but beer. He votes beer, thinks beer, dreams beer, lives beer, dies beer. All his conceptions of life, all his social ambitions, all his hopes here and hereafter, center and pause themselves upon the possibility of his guzzling himself full of beer. All questions, national and local, social and political, revolve in his watery vision around the beer keg. On this religion must dance attendance and questions in morals wait. By this great parties must stand and shape their policies, and the march of civilization be regulated. To-day Gambrinus stands, brandishing aloft his beer mug, crying, "Hol you Democrat, put aside your other interests, lay your politics by—down with you into the dust; leger is god." "Hol you Republican, upon your knees! what do I care for your Bible and your country? I rule here."

Men and brethren, Democrats and Republicans, American liberty is not safe in the presence of this monster! If it has come to this pass—and it has—that politics, morals, taxation, parties, great national issues, must prostrate themselves, and worship the beer-god, then in the name of heaven, where are our liberties? The drink traffic is determined to own our legislatures. It lays its hands in the Supreme court. It systematically debauches and corrupts parties. We are compelled to stop at every turn and ask the brewers what we may do, what judges we may elect, what taxes we levy, what internal improvements we may make, what congresses we may choose. Everything short of an entire surrender has been tried, reasonable and unreasonable, to conciliate the beer-god. Review the entire history of legislation in this state, and what has not been done? And yet it is never satisfied. It has swallowed our Sabbaths; it has our nights. It has a maw like hell and destruction; it is never full. Like the daughters of the horse-leech, it cries, "Give! Give!" It is an unruly evil. It refuses to be regulated. It is as impudent as Satan. In the name of human rights, there is nothing left us, but to trample it out.

The inordinate impudence and self-destroying madness of these men is astounding beyond the power of expression. One would have supposed that with the light and reasonable tax of the Scott law, the saloonists would have seen it was to their interest to remain quiet. But whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad. People talk about keeping beer out of politics; the saloonists will not let us. Democrats and Republicans make their several nominations, and then find that the saloonists have held a convention and determined to kill off every temperance man on the tickets, whether temperance is an issue or not. The Republicans nominate a candidate for judge of the Supreme court, a man who does not make laws, but is simply sworn to decide cases according to law, and at once the whole state is flooded with circulars to boycott him. The Republican candidate for President proclaims, in square opposition to radical temperance men, that prohibition is not an issue in the National canvass. He refrains from voting on a local prohibition question in order that the National canvass may not be complicated. Are the saloonists satisfied? No, they send abroad their circulars that he was a Prohibitionist; they force the question on the people; they induce men to vote against him on that ground that would otherwise have voted for him.

The parties would like to keep beer out of politics if they could. They think there are some larger things in America than a beer mug, some greater ideas at issue, and they were not organized to agitate on that line. The temperance people have scarcely been able to force them to consider the prohibition movement at all, but the saloonists *have* done so. The votaries of the beer garden and doggery *insist* upon it that we shall take beer into politics. We *will*, and beer will get the worst of it. If they *will* bring it in *we will put it out effectually, by smashing it.*

Their end is destruction. If slavery had been a legal institution in the South, been content with its fair share of representation in the national counsels, been content to go along about its own business quietly, without brag and bullying and bluster, it might have been alive to-day. But no, it must have everything. The whole land must belong to it. It must rule the Democratic party or it would ruin it—until the Democratic party became fired, and was willing, like *Jehu*, at the Charleston convention, and accept certain defeat, before it would longer truckle. The Republican party would have let it alone, if it had only quit trying to break up the Union, even after the war had been long in progress. But no, nothing would suit slavery. The people got tired of it and killed it. It would brook no contradiction, it would abide by no compromise. It had no sense of fairness. The people of Ohio would have been more liberal proposals to let these latter enemies of ours have their beer and their saloons, even while we would grieve, and say we wish they would do better. But when Ohio sees men who make their belly their god, demanding that the whole human race get down and worship that god, then those men have simply doomed themselves to destruction.

The saloonists at the present time declare they are willing to pay taxes, only they want protection. It is simply a lie that they are willing to pay taxes. They had all the protection they needed or wanted under the Scott law. The Supreme court has decided against the law on the very ground that it was a protection, for as long a time as the tax was paid, and, in effect therefrom, a license. No, the saloonists of this town a week ago were going around the streets and telling what they wanted and what somehow they knew they were going to get. It was not "protection" —"they were going to get their money back"—that was the cry. They knew very well when the Second amendment was voted down and the people stood by the Scott law, that the people were willing to let them alone. They knew the Republicans wanted to and the Democrats wanted to. They knew that the very ground upon which this law would be decided unconstitutional was that it was a protection. Their attack upon the Scott law proved them traitors to their own plea of "wanting protection." They wanted their money back. If they today wanted protection they would clamor for the Scott law to be re-enacted; and they would have voted for a supreme judge that would sustain the principle of the Scott law. No, what they want is to evade all law, to dodge from pillar to post, to wriggle out of every provision that can be framed. No, the saloonists have said "they want their money," and good citizens may go the dogs. They are the Ishmaelites of modern society. Their hand is against every man. In self-defense every man's hand will have to be against them.

What follows? The temperance taxpayers of the state are shut up to prohibition, enforced by heavy fines and penalty. The principles announced by the Supreme court, as underlying their decision, leave this as our only resort. I do not now enter upon the question whether that decision was correct. Whether it was or not, it will stand. It is enough to say that no law that imposes a tax, or a fine, or a lease, or any precedent condition to keeping a saloon, will stand, the constitution of Ohio being as it now is. The Supreme court declares the Scott law unconstitutional because "the state" thereby "says in effect to the tenant" (the liquor dealer) "procure the written consent of the owner of the premises, comply with the other requisites of the act and observe the other restrictions upon the traffic, and you may sell alcoholic liquors by the drink without hindrance or molestation, and thus secure all the privileges there ever was in a liquor license." That is to say, no law which provides for regulating the traffic in any way, and which guarantees immunity to the saloonist if he obeys the law, but is a license, is unconstitutional. It is unconstitutional because it in effect says: "if you comply with certain conditions you may sell whisky, and that's a license." Such is the argument.

It was entirely unnecessary for the majority of the court to say, as they do in their decision: "Whether it is possible to enact a special liquor tax law which will not be in conflict with the constitution, when submitted to, or some other provision of that instrument, is a question upon which we do not now express any opinion." It was not necessary that they should. He who runs may read in the principles they announce, and a wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein; that no tax law—at least, none worth anything—is one containing a provision for its enforcement—will stand with the constitution as it is. I repeat, I have nothing to say about the validity of their decision. I only point to the fact that it is now the supreme law of Ohio, and that it will remain so, and that as citizens we will have to shape our acts accordingly.

The Supreme court decision forces us all to prohibition, or license, in the Constitution. License the people of Ohio never will have. It was tried once and failed. The people have rejected it once, and will now reject it more vehemently, than ever, seeing that this whole business looks like an effort to cram license down their throats. They all, Democrats and Republicans, know too well the sources from which this license proposition comes. By this time they understand clearly the forces which champion it. In some states license means regulation and restriction of the evils of the liquor traffic. In Ohio it means no such thing. If it meant in Ohio what it does in some states, I, for one, might be for license. But for six years I sat by in the Ohio legislature and heard every great debate on the liquor question. I heard the friends of the liquor traffic invariably champion license, openly and boldly declaring they wanted it because license meant security to the liquor traffic from all the attacks of those who would restrict its power. In Illinois, and in some other states, license has been championed by the friends of temperance, because under their auspices it meant restriction; it even, in some of its phases in connection with a local option law, means prohibition. *But I say again, in Ohio it means no such thing.* The saloonists want it—*not for protection*—that they have already and have had all the time. They want it as a shield to hold up to fight off temperance people in the first place; and they want it in the second place, because it is a bigger shield than the Scott law, behind which they may debauch parties, embarrass courts and defy laws. They have no more idea of keeping a license law than of keeping any other law that has ever been passed. They simply want it as a high rampart over which temperance cannot climb to get at them, and behind which they may carry on more wickedness than ever.

No license plank will ever be inserted in the constitution by the people of Ohio. Coming from the sources that proposition does, the people of this state, Democrat and Republican, would rather not have any constitution on the subject, and so have a fair field and free fight every election.

We who were called moderate temperance men are now shut up to prohibition alone. We have tried license, regulation and taxation. Conscientiously and earnestly we have tried to make terms; not because we loved whisky, but because we did see some virtue in the awfully abused doctrine of personal liberty, and because we did not want to rob the brewer of his property, and because it seemed to us that the interests of temperance itself required that we make haste slowly. We thought, in short, that we could stand somewhere along on the Scott law territory. But the doctrines announced by the Supreme court sweep the last inch of ground out from under our feet. We have nowhere left to stand. We must go over to the camp of the prohibitionists. And as is the case generally with men who have suffered and borne and had patience, it would not be surprising if we were now the most strenuous advocates of prohibition.

Three years ago I did not think it would come to this for twenty-five years. I did not think the people of Ohio would be ready for prohibition for twenty-five years, and in that belief I wrote and spoke and voted. I now believe prohibition will carry next fall by 100,000 majority. The madness of the saloonists has precipitated this crisis. Henceforth, I and thousands more like me, are for anything that will cripple, kill, trample out and utterly destroy the whole saloon system of Ohio. Henceforth, no compromise. Their God is their belly. We cannot live with such people. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. Their end is destruction.

Tax-payers of Ross county, how do you like this thing? Twenty thousand dollars or thereabout to be paid back to the saloonists in this county! Twenty thousand dollars, which was but a small tax on this business—$20,000, which was but a pitiful fraction of the damage it has done you and done me—$20,000 you have now to put your hands down into your pockets and take out, and hand back to these gentry—the price of free whisky and no Sabbath. *How do you like it?*

Workingmen of Ross county, how do you like it? After all, you are the ones who have to pay this account. I am no demagogue, and this is not demagoguery. You have to pay this. Sooner or later and in the long run, in this land, in all lands, labor pays the bills. In the very nature of things this is so, and no human ingenuity can ever devise a plan to make it otherwise. For every yard of cloth you buy, the cloth merchant will have to put on a little higher price. He pays the tax directly, but he must put up the price on you, or he goes to the wall. Every pound of meat you eat will, in the long run, be a little dearer, for this business. The meat man has no option. Every pound of flour and every ounce of butter must be a little higher.

Workingmen of Ross county, how do you like it? You have to dig this thing out of the ground, and sweat it out of your brows. There is no other way under heaven. Workingmen, I go in for smashing this whole concern. We have tried to be reasonable with them. We have tried to play fair, although we did not enjoy the game at all. This is what we get. Let us break up the game! Their god is their belly and their end is destruction!

Every Woman Knows Them.

The human body is much like a good clock or watch in its movements; if one goes too slow or too fast, so follow all the others, and tad time results; if one organ or set of organs works imperfectly, perversion of functional efforts of all the organs is sure to follow. Hence it is that the numerous ailments which make woman's life miserable are the direct issue of the abnormal action of the uterine system. For all that numerous class of symptoms—and every woman knows them—there is one unfailing remedy, Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," the favorite of the sex.

EDUCATIONAL ETCHINGS.

Six women ran for school director in San Francisco.

Short-hand fever is raging in Michigan University.

There are over 275,000 school teachers in this country.

Hereafter the University of London will confer a new degree to be known as the "Teacher's diploma."

There are 104 college graduates in the Michigan house of representatives.

Nine young women recently received the degree of B. A. at the graduation exercises of the Royal University of Dublin.

A writer in the *Baptist Weekly* advocates the corporate union of all the Baptist colleges of the country, under the name and title of the American Baptist University.

Some of the teachers in the public schools of St. Johnsbury, Vt., have been notified by the school committee that attendance at the skating rink will be considered equivalent to resignation.

The Liberal students of Belgium have offered the honorary presidency of their corporation to Victor Hugo, who has accepted it.

Seventy-one school buildings have been erected in Utah at a cost of $297,000. In all 85 schools are sustained with funds from outside the territory, employing 185 teachers, and in which nearly 7,500 children are taught.

After the great Chicago fire, Mr. Thomas Hughes contributed 7,500 volumes to the Chicago library. A movement is now on foot in that city to reciprocate this kindness by raising money to buy a number of books for the public library of Rugby, Tenn.

Prof. Tyndall said in a clever speech the other day that in his youth, while a master in Queenwood College, he learned by practical experience that two factors went to the formation of a teacher. In regard to knowledge, he must, of course, be master of his work. But knowledge was not all. There might be knowledge without power—the ability to inform without the ability to stimulate. Both went together in the true teacher.

Queen Margherita, of Italy, is making an effort to revive the making of Venetian point lace. She has established a school, from which the graduates go out to teach to others the mysteries of the craft. Already there are 4,000 pupils, all at work, and 34 varieties of point are turned out. Only by the color, it is said, may the new product be distinguished from the antique lace.

The daughters of Erin are taking a step in the right direction. On Wednesday, at Royal university commencements, nine of them were made bachelors of arts, having passed successfully all the necessary examinations. The fair graduates are all young, and most of them possessed of attractions which were set off rather than concealed by the prominence of their newly-acquired caps, gowns, and hoods. On one happy maiden was conferred a musical degree, and her composition was performed on the great organ for the benefit of the select crowd who filled the large hall of the building.

English Trade-Marks.

Mr. Edward Waters, Patent and Trade-marks office, 87 Bourke street, Melbourne, Australia, says: "One of my household suffered with tooth-ache and rheumatism and after trying numerous other remedies without relief, tried St. Jacobs Oil. It was rubbed on the cheek and plugged in the tooth, and well rubbed in for rheumatism. In both cases the cure was immediate and complete, and in neither case has the pain returned."

Reform Garments for Ladies.

Clara Belle in Cincinnati Enquirer.

I am in receipt of numerous inquiries relating to reform garments. Collectively responding to several, I may describe a new sort of sanitary clothing as consisting of tight-fitting stockingette undergarments, made of pure undyed wool, fastened over the shoulders, and of double thickness over the breast. The jacket is double breasted, buttoned well up to the throat, contains no lining or padding unless of wool, and is either undyed or treated with uninjurious fast dyes. The same rule applies to the drawers, inside of which is a contrivance which, fastening tight around the leg, prevents updraughts; for cold, rheumatism and lumbago are caught by the sudden rush of cold air to one particular part of the body, and not by the gradual cooling of the entire system. The feet are clad in pure woolen socks, with divisions for each toe, while the upper part of the boot is made of felt, the lower part also of felt or porous leather, and the inner soles consist of perforated leather and layers of felt. Thus the boot is thoroughly porous, and the feet are consequently kept as clean and as pure as the hands. Part of the theory is that, by doubly protecting the front of the body, where the blood-vessels converge, these are stimulated, and as an even temperature throughout is maintained, the necessity for heavy outer garments is obviated, rain or damp having little or no effect, for in every case gradual and even evaporation is insured.

The Camp Fire.

CHRONOLOGY.

1861.

November 23, Pensacola, Fort Pickens, Fla—Batteries A, F, L, 1st United States artillery; C, H and K, 2d United States artillery; Companies C and F, 3d United States infantry and companies G and I, 6th New York volunteers.

November 24, Lancaster, Mo—21st Missouri volunteers.

November 24, Johnstown Mo—Missouri Home Guard.

November 26, Independence, Little Blue, Mo—7th Kansas cavalry.

November 26, Dranesville, Va—1st Pennsylvania cavalry.

November 26, Hunter's Mills, Va—3d Pennsylvania cavalry.

1862.

November 21, Bayou Bontecar, near Fort Pike, La—31st Massachusetts volunteers.

November 24, Camp Babcock, Ark—3d Kansas Indian Home Guards.

November 25, Crawford County, Mo—Missouri enrolled militia.

November 26—Cold Knob Mountains (or Sinking Creek, or Frankfort), Va—2d West Virginia cavalry.

November 26, Summerville, Miss—7th Illinois cavalry.

November 27, Carthage, Ark—2d Kansas cavalry.

November 27, Scourgesville and La Vergne, Tenn—5th brigade, Sill's division, Army of the Ohio.

1863.

November 21, Waterproof, La—steamer Welcome.

November 23 to 25, Chattanooga, Tenn—4th corps and 14th corps, Army of the Cumberland; 11th corps and Geary's division of the 12th corps, and 15th corps, Army of the Tennesssee; this includes Orchard Knob on the 23d, Lookout Mountain on the 24th, and Missionary Ridge on the 25th.

November 24, Barnwell's Island, S. C.—33d United States colored troops, 1st South Carolina.

November 25, Greenville, N. C.—17th New York cavalry, 1st North Carolina volunteers, and 24th New York battery.

November 26, Bonfouca, La—31st Massachusetts volunteers and 4th Massachusetts battery.

November 26, Sparta, Tenn—1st Tennessee and 9th Pennsylvania cavalry.

November 26, Beersheba Springs, Tenn—Alabama and Tennessee scouts.

November 26, Warm Springs, N. C.—Troops not given.

November 26, Kingston, Tenn—cavalry, Army of Ohio.

November 26 to 28, operations at Mine Run, Va—3d, 5th, 6th and 5th corps, and 1st and 2d cavalry division, Army of the Potomac; includes engagements at Raccoonford, Bartlett's Mills, Robertson's Tavern and New Hope, and is also known as Locust Grove, Payne's Tavern, and Orange Grove.

November 27, Ringgold, Greysville, Pea Vine Creek and Tayler's Ridge, Ga—Johnson's division, 14th corps; Osterhaus's Division, 15th corps, and Geary's division, 12th corps.

November 27, Cleveland, Tenn—2d brigade, 2d cavalry division, Col. Eli Long.

November 27 to 29, Fort Esperanza, Tex—8th and 18th Indiana, 33d and 99th Illinois, 23d and 34th Iowa, 13th and 15th Maine volunteers, 7th Michigan, and company F, 1st Missouri battery, portions of 1st and 2d divisions, 13th corps.

1864.

November 21, Liberty and Jackson, La—4th Wisconsin cavalry and 1st Wisconsin battery.

November 22, Rolling Fork, Miss—2d United States colored cavalry (1st Mississippi).

November 22, Griswoldville, Ga—Walcott's brigade, 1st division, 15th corps, and 1st brigade, 3d cavalry division, Army of the Tennessee.

November 23, Clinton, Ga—Advance of the 15th corps.

November 22, Rood's Hill, Va—1st and 3d divisions cavalry corps, Army of the Potomac, and 2d cavalry division, Army of West Virginia.

November 22, Lawrenceburg, Tenn—8th cavalry division, military division of the Mississippi.

November 24, Bent's Old Fork, Tex—1st California cavalry.

November 24, Campbellville and Lynnville, Tenn—5th cavalry division, military division of the Missouri.

November 24 to 28, Columbia, Buck Run, Tenn—Capron's brigade 1st cavalry division, and 4th and 23d corps, Gen. Thomas's army.

November 24 and 25, Ball's Ferry, Oconee River, Ga—1st Alabama cavalry, advance of the Army of the Tennessee.

November 25, Pawnee Forks, Kan—One company 1st Colorado cavalry.

November 25, St. Vrain's Old Fort, N. M.—One company 1st New Mexico cavalry.

November 26, Johnson's Station, Ala—101st United States colored troops.

November 26, Sandersville (or Buffalo Creek), Ga—3d brigade, 1st division, 20th corps.

November 26, Sylvan Grove, Ga—8th Indiana and 2d Kentucky cavalry.

November 27, Big Black River Bridge, Mississippi Central railroad—Cavalry and artillery, commanded by Col. Osband, 3d United States colored cavalry.

November 27 to 29, Waynesboro, Thomas's Station, and Buck Head creek (or Reynold's Plantation, Jones's Plantation, and Brown's Cross-roads), Ga—3d cavalry division, Army military division of the Tennessee.

HOW McPHERSON FELL.

An Intensely Interesting Account by an Eye-Witness.

We surrender much of the space devoted to the CAMP FIRE this week to the following extremely well-written account of that memorable fight in which the gallant McPherson lost his life. We think every comrade will agree with us that, aside from its interest, it is a valuable contribution to the history of the late war.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

Many and widely differing statements have been published from time to time in the past few years as to the place and manner of Gen. McPherson's death, some having it that he was entirely alone at the time, while others that he was accompanied by one orderly. Such statements mislead the people and must have been written by parties occupying positions entirely remote from the scenes they attempt to describe. The latest account of this affair coming under my notice appeared in the *National Tribune* of July last, under the caption "Logan and McPherson," and signed "A. S. O.," or acting signal officer. The article is well written and shows the writer to be quite conversant with his subject; but in regard to some points his memory or mine must be considerably at fault.

I was an acting signal officer also, assigned to duty with the 15th corps, and was one of the party accompanying Gen. McPherson when he lost his life. I will attempt no general description of that eventful day, but relate, in as few words as possible, a few incidents that came under my own personal observation, and which I can to-day most vividly recall:

Two miles east from Atlanta, on a hill just south of and within about 100 feet of the Augusta railroad, we had established a signal station in a high pine tree, which, 75 feet from the ground, branched into three prominent limbs; and across these limbs we constructed a triangular platform sufficiently large to accommodate from two to three persons at a time. It was rather a pokerish place, especially when the wind blew—the tree swayed so dreadfully, and there was no railing to keep us from falling overboard—but it proved of great value to us as a station of observation, as it was from here on the morning of the 22d we discovered the large bodies of the enemy moving out of the city in a southeasterly direction, which, being reported to headquarters, was interpreted to mean the turning of our left flank or a retreat. On this and other reports of a like character, Fuller's brigade of the 16th corps, was ordered to the left, taking position in rear of our left front, forming what is termed a "refused line," which was completed in the forenoon while Signal Officer Edge, I think, occupied the lookout. Immediately after an early dinner, I repaired to the station to relieve said officer, and ascended the lofty perch about 12:30. I had hardly reached the platform when Gen. Logan and staff rode up to learn if any new discoveries had been made in regard to the movements of the enemy. And here I will mention an incident. Our station was reached by means of cleats nailed to the side of the tree, about two feet apart, making a fair kind of ladder, and from the ground it looked an easy matter to make the ascent. Capt. Whitehead, of the general's staff, wishing a better view of the surroundings than could be had from his saddle, called to know if we would allow him to come up. Permission being readily granted he started with as much confidence and alacrity as one up the ladder to his father's house; but when about two and 50 feet up, some one below called for him to look down and see how high he was. This he did, and it looked so much higher than he anticipated that he then and there lost his nerve, and all the nagging and jeering on the part of his comrades to induce him to go higher proved unavailing. The tree was swaying considerably just then under a light breeze, and he was clinging more closely to the cleats while planning a safe retreat, which, be it said to his credit, he executed in good order, but with much greater care than he had made the ascent. On reaching the ground Gen. Logan remarked, "Well, you are a brave fellow to undertake to go up there and then weaken." The captain responded, "I'll bet you $25 you can't." "Well," said the general, "if I took you up you would lose your money. I always go through with what I undertake." "Yes," said the captain, "but you will never undertake it." Just at this moment Gen. McPherson and staff came riding up, most of them dismounting and a general conversation ensued lasting perhaps 20 minutes, when to our extreme left was suddenly heard quite a number of shots in quick succession, then a smart volley, followed by the random rattle of small arms, which to the practiced ear was a sure precursor of trouble. In as little time as I am writing this all were in their saddles and aids and orderlies flying hither and thither with orders and for information. Capt. O. K. Howard, our chief signal officer, usually rode with Gen. McPherson, acting as voluntary aid when necessary. He was with him on this occasion, and called to me to leave our look-out in care of another and accompany them, which I proceeded to do in great haste, as the firing was becoming terrific, several batteries joining in the chorus. I had barely mounted my horse when the general started at a sharp pace, first east a few rods into an open field, thence south for perhaps 40 rods, where was parked a considerable portion of our army train. He arrived there just in time to prevent a stampede, and a panic or stampede among several hundred mule teams as that time might have proved a very disastrous thing to our army. Here the general left his staff officer—Capt. Roe, I think, to restore order. This was at the head of a small ravine bearing south, and on account of a heavily timbered ridge was well protected from the west; then to the southeast in the field was a considerable grove of timber, offering shelter in that direction; but to the south, for perhaps 80 rods, and until meeting a small creek bearing southeast, was open ground; and from this direction came the stray shells and minie balls that were causing the trouble with the teams and teamsters.

From here we rode rapidly to the aforementioned creek, which we crossed, following down the opposite bank until we came in full view of Fuller's command to the southeast, drawn up across an open field sloping southwest, and below the grove heretofore spoken of. Here a section, two guns, was well supplied with artillery, and could rake the field for at least a quarter of a mile in the direction of which the enemy approached. We halted near the creek, which at this point bears somewhat abruptly to the south. Immediately below us the timber reached the creek, but above was a narrow field ranging in width from two to perhaps ten rods and extending clear back—bearing continually west—until it touched the long open field in which a goodly portion of our main front line was located.

After the second repulse of the enemy in Fuller's front, one of Gen. Blair's staff came riding rapidly back, and seeing us, turned across to where we were, saying to Gen. McPherson as he approached, "General, this is no place for you," to which he replied, "Oh, I'm in no danger here," and asking immediately, "whose command extends to our right through the woods?" meaning what troops connected with our left front. The answer was "a part of Fuller's." But this proved a mistake, as there was a gap of over 80 rods. The officer then rode away and Gen. McPherson, glancing across toward Fuller's command, when the cheers of victory over the second repulse of the enemy, were still ringing, remarked, "they are all right there," and wheeling to the right started back at a sharp gallop along the edge of the woods, skirting the before mentioned narrow field. At this time the firing was very heavy to the west. After riding about 50 paces northwest, he turned sharply to the left into the timber along an old wood-road, which, bearing south of west, led through a thick growth of pines, oaks and underbrush, and then emerged into more open and larger timber. Here where the road leads to the right, we met the enemy advancing in a northeasterly direction, their line touching the road at this bend as we came dashing up. The first intimation I had of danger, aside from stray balls that were constantly hissing and whizzing through the limbs and leaves above us, was the cry of "Halt! Halt! there! Halt!"—quick, sharp and imperious, from a man standing beside a large pine tree, just on the south side of the road at the bend. He was almost in front of the general and not more than five paces distant. My recollection of this movement is very vivid. Our horses rearing suddenly back, a line of gray coats almost within bayonet reach, bringing their pieces to a ready, the general's horse wheeling on his haunches to the right, either from fright or by direction of his master. Everything, including the surroundings, are as indelibly fixed in my memory as though they were scenes of to-day. There were with the general at this time three signal officers and some eight or ten flagmen and orderlies. We entered the timber in the following order, riding single file, by reason of the road being so shut in with brush: First after the general, Capt. Howard; next Lieut. Bellot, then myself, the others bringing up the rear. An orderly, riding more rapidly than the rest, had just passed us, and was almost abreast the general when halted.

The ring of the final "halt" was instantly followed by the first shot which I think was fired by the man who did the halting, aimed at the general, and probably caused his death, as he was shot in the left breast and a moment later it would have been his side or back, owing to the fact of his wheeling to the right. It could not have been more than three seconds, though it seemed an age, from the first halt until we were plunging wildly through the trees and brush to the right—a race for life—each one for himself and lost to sight from his fellows, until reaching our narrow field once more, at a point where was located a small battery—two guns, I think—in full view of, in musketry range of a portion of our front line, and also of Fuller's batteries. This is the point where the enemy were so fearfully slaughtered a few minutes later.

Capt. Howard and I reached the open field at the same time and within a few paces of each other. His first words were "do you think the general was killed?" I said I thought he was reeling from his saddle when his horse plunged into the brush. Just then his horse came out near by, bloody and riderless. Sergt. Thompson came out about this time, and was directed by Capt. Howard to ride to Gen. Logan with all possible dispatch and tell him that Gen. McPherson was either killed or captured. Then, calling to the commander of the battery, he said: "Turn your pieces this way; the rebs are coming down through the timber, and will be upon you in no time." The guns, I think, were planted to sweep the open field down the creek. A supporting regiment, lying back of the battery, under the little bank or bluff near the creek, hearing these words, began hastily to shape themselves for the onslaught. Howard then directed me to ride to Gen. Logan also, fearing that Thompson might miss him, as found the General in a few minutes, in the open field, back of and not far from our signal tree; but Thompson had reached him before me and an aid, one of Gen. McPherson's staff, I think, had already been dispatched to Gen. Sherman, with the sad intelligence and a request for reinforcements. Sherman was not far away, and the aid soon returned, saying: "Gen. Sherman orders you to assume command of the department, and says he will send you reinforcements soon."

Logan said, his brow contracting—"Soon will not do! Ride back and tell Gen. Sherman I must have reinforcements immediately, by —." He went, returning again in a very few minutes, his horse reeking with foam, saying as he came up, "Cox's division of the 20th corps is becoming double quick." And sure enough, just at that time the head of the column came out of the timber on the run, into the wagon road, outside the field and perhaps 40 rods from where we were. At this time the road was filled with six-mule teams, which seemed destined to confuse and seriously impede the progress of the on-coming column. Logan was to clear the way at once, and this, with a big fence and railroad on one side and thick timber on the other, was no small undertaking. Gen. Logan comprehended the situation at a glance, and spurring his horse to the lead, with drawn sabre, side-tracked their teams in very short metre. True, some of the wagons were badly demolished, some running over logs and others climbing saplings, but they were out of the way, and the much needed reinforcements rushed on to the support of their hard-pressed comrades. As to events immediately following in which Gen. Logan played so conspicuous apart I will attempt no description, not being an eye witness.

Now our comrade of the *Tribune* has it that Gen. Sherman was apprised first of Gen. McPherson's death, and that he in a written order communicated the fact to Gen. Logan. He says: "with saddened heart and tearful eye he (Gen. Logan) heard the sad news, and reading the order (from Gen. Sherman) bowed his head upon his breast a moment in deep thought, then looking up he exclaimed 'would to God I were better qualified to fill the place he so ably filled to perfection.'"

I heard nothing of this although I was there, and then it don't sound at all like Gen. Logan, *especially* at a time like this, when the fate of a great army was at stake, and moments were so precious. It was a poor time for eulogizing the dead or disparaging the abilities of the living. What was required was action, prompt and decisive, without wasting a moment in lamentment or soliloquy, and to this the general bent himself with all the ardor and determination of his great and vigorous nature.

Gen. Logan is a man of wonderful resources, a blunt, plain, practical man, whose capabilities rise with the responsibility; and on this, as on all other occasions, he proved himself equal to the emergency. His piety never hurt him much, but no better man at heart than he wore the Federal uniform.

Of the signal men with us that day, I can only recall the names of four: Sergt. Wm. Thompson, whose present address I do not know; B. R. Wade, Scranton, Pa.; J. W. McGinity, St. Louis, Mo.; and James W. McKinzie, late Judge of the Eleventh judicial district, Iowa, deceased. The orderly spoken of as being nearest Gen. McPherson when he fell, I think was Frank Laten, of Denver, Col., who writing me under recent date, says: "I am the one who was with Gen. McPherson when killed. I was an orderly; and had just rode up when he fell from his horse. I was wounded myself in the right foot and was placed in the ambulance with him. I belonged to Co. D, 11th Indiana Cavalry."

I think that Capt. Howard and Lieut. Sheefey are both dead. Of the whereabouts of the others I know nothing. If living, I hope they will answer for themselves; if dead, peace to their ashes.

Now, in this article I have endeavored to give a faithful and impartial statement of incidents as they occur to my mind to-day, having had my memory refreshed by a recent visit to and over the field, and by a diary which I carefully kept during the war, and I hope, to some at least, it may prove interesting.

A few words as to my "visit," and I am done. Theree years ago last January, on foot and alone, I wended my way east from Atlanta to the hill where we had our signal station, but where I expected to find our tree I found only a stump. A few rods south stood a nice cottage, the yard fence passing within a few feet of the stump. While looking about to assure myself I was not mistaken in the place, a gentleman—Mr. Spraberry—came down to the

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication, but is an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Both medical problems and questions in grammatical construction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections intended to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE's endorsement is in value able to be believed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for it to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm known in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are invited to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reason.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Questions for the department should never be written on the same leaf with letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondent's Department."

Sub., Abilene, Kan.:

Do you publish singing books?

No. Write to Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

E. H. H., Pinckford, Mich.:

According to the constitution, is there a possibility of a foreigner by birth becoming President of the United States?

No.

J. M. P., Toledo, O.:

Please tell us about the Keely motor. What kind of liquid is used to operate it, and how is it operated?

The "secret" has not been divulged. The "exhibition," recently given, was a humbug, and didn't prove anything.

W. V., Florida: The United States have the power to protect the negro in his rights, when that power is invoked. It is a difficult matter for the President to know and right the wrongs of the negroes in the south, but he has never shirked his duty when called upon, so far as we know.

G., Atchison, Kans.:

Will you please give me the address of Shuyler Colfax? 2. Your Greely? 3. And names of all the governors of the states?

1. South Bend, Ind. 2. Washington, D. C. 3. The list was published not long ago; the names of the newly elected Governors have been given in the election returns published since November 4.

Inquirer, Bridgeport, O.:

1. Where can I procure a small book, entitled "Three Score Years and Ten," written by the late Rev. Dr. Barnes, of Philadelphia? 2. Does it require a majority or two-thirds vote to change the constitution of Ohio?

1. Try Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O. 2. A majority of all the votes cast. If a voter fails to vote yes the ballot counts against the amendment.

E. T. D., East Meredith, N. Y.:

1. Did St. John ever receive the nomination for Governor on the Prohibition ticket? 2. Did he in any way favor the constitutional amendment in that state?

1. No. He was nominated on the Republican ticket, and defeated by Glick, Democrat. 2. The platform declared for prohibition, and the defeat of St. John was due to his advocacy of prohibition and to the fact that he was on the ticket for the third time.

W. S., Hicksville, Pa.:

1. Give the origin and meaning of the words "mugwump" and "boodle." 2. Is by are the President and Vice-President elected by the legislature instead of by the direct vote of the people, and when was the plan introduced?

1. Mugwump is a new word, and, as used in the late campaign, meant a disaffected Republican. Boodle is thieves' slang for money or valuables. 2. Because the Constitution of the United States expressly says that is the way they shall be elected. At one time the electors voted for two men, the one having the highest vote, if a majority, was declared elected President, the next Vice-President. This has been the only change, except that legislatures no longer cast the vote of a state.

W. T. F., Erie, Pa.:

1. Please publish a list of the members of the Secret Council. 2. Do new subscribers get Mr. Blaine's portrait with BLADE for $1? 3. Did Fremont receive the popular vote in 1856? 4. What was the position taken by Massachusetts in the early part of the war of 1812?

1. The list will be published in due time, when all disputes are settled. 2. No, $1.10 for BLADE and portrait; $1 for BLADE alone. 3. No; Buchanan's vote was 1,838,169; Fremont, 1,341,264; Fillmore, 874,534. 4. That the war was unconstitutional and unnecessary. The governors of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Connecticut refused to allow the militia of their states to march to the northern frontier on the requisition of the President.

C. H. C., Pilger, Neb.:

1. Is there any remedy or preventive for the disease called the black-leg among calves? 2. Is is a contagious disease? I have lost six the past week.

1. S. Aldrich, of Wyanet, Ill., uses sulphur and copperas as a preventive. He mixes it with salt, and places in boxes where it will be convenient for cattle at all times. H. M. Kemp, of Schuyler, Neb., says his remedy consists of one pound each of saltpetre and common salt, ground and well mixed. One-half teacupful, dry, is given at a dose. After this severe exercise should be given, lasting for 2 minutes. A second dose is seldom required. He says he has been engaged in breeding for 45 years, and has never lost a single animal. 2. Do not know

Rudolph, Rhodes, Ia., writes: "In answer to the query of H., in the BLADE of the 13th inst., the poem of 'The Children' is credited to Charles Dickens. Dickens never wrote it, and if found in his desk after death was only a copy. The poem was written by Charles M. Dickinson, a New York school teacher, born November 15, 1842, at Lowville, Lewis County, N. Y., and I venture to say Dickens never wrote anything so pathetic, and appealing to those truants from home and from heaven as Charles M. Dickinson wrote to encourage the children—his scholars at Haverstraw, on the Hudson. 'The Ivy Green' was written by Dickens, in Pickwick, and some rhymes, such as 'Cricket on the Hearth,' but in poetry he was only passable. Charles M. Dickinson took to rhyming at 13 years of age, is author of 'The Drummer Boy,' 'How Far from Heaven,' etc."

Sub., Gordon, Ark.:

Please tell me all about the Aleutian Islands, how to reach them, etc.

They are a long chain of islands belonging to the United States, in Alaska, extending from the peninsula of Alaska westward towards Kamchatka, and dividing the sea of Kamchatka, or Behring's sea, from the Pacific ocean. They lie in both hemispheres, and extend from longitude 169° to 189° west, the westernmost of the United States islands being Attoo; for the Commander group, to the westward, is Russian, and is not generally regarded as a part of this chain. The Aleutians proper are about 150 in number, and are divided into the Nearer, Rat-Andreanov, Fox, and other groups. They are generally mountainous, and often volcanic. The largest is Oonalaska. The people are an half-native race, apparently allied in stock to the Esquimaux, and are members of the Greek church. Population, about 2,500. We suppose the route would be by the way of San Francisco.

J. F. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.:

In answer to "M. V. S." you say the President and Vice-President cannot be citizens of the same state. A reference to the first clause, second section XII. will show you your mistake, an almost unusual error I find, too. The persons balloted for for President and Vice President cannot be both citizens of the same state, as the effect of electors is nothing to prevent both candidates from being of the same state, as is generally thought. For example, if Cleveland and Hendricks had both been from Indiana, all the other Democratic states could have voted for only one of them, thus one receiving 219 votes and the other 204.

The object of the constitutional provision was to prevent the President and Vice President being taken from the same state. No party or state would consent to being disfranchised, and this is only another way of saying that the candidates must come from different states. A nice time we would have, in a close election, if your theory were put into practice. The object of the twelfth amendment was to do away with section one, article two of the constitution where the electors were authorized to vote for "two persons," the one receiving the highest vote to be President, and the next highest to be Vice-President. They did not vote for Vice President at all. The amendment says they shall vote for President and Vice-President.

Fillo, Guthrie Center, Iowa: Write to the first assistant postmaster general, Washington, D. C. We do not think it will be necessary to employ a lawyer.

W. L. S., Lagrange, O., writes: "I will attempt to answer a Bible question of L. M Barnes. You will find the longest verse in the Bible in the Book of Esther, 9th verse and 8th chapter."

Esquirer, Northwest, O.:

1. What is the duty of electors at large? 2. How many millionaires are there in the United States?

1. To vote for President and Vice-President, the same as other electors. 2. Millions.

R. S., Fond du Lac, Wis.:

1. Can the expression "That's too thin," be found in Shakespeare's writings? 2. When was the difficulty about Fortune Bay settled, and how was it settled?

1. Yes, or words to that effect. 2. Do not know.

A. B. C., Green River, Wy., writes: "Buchanan got the name of Ten Cent Jimmie by arguing against protection, and going so far as to say that he would be glad to see wages for labor in the United States at ten cents per day and other things in proportion. The above is the true origin of the sobriquet 'Ten Cent Jimmie,' as given in the papers at the time."

Reader, Hortonville, Wis.:

1. Can a man hold the office of President of the United States more than two terms in succession? 2. After a man has run for President and been defeated, does it disqualify him from running again?

1. He can hold the office as long as the people choose to elect him; there is nothing but the "unwritten law," the example of Washington, to the contrary. 2. No.

J. L. M., Kelly's Station, Pa.:

Please state in your next number the whole Republican vote polled in October and also in November.

If you mean in Ohio, the Republican vote in October was 391,269, and in November 400,084. The Democratic vote in October was 380,275, and in November 368,280. Garfield's vote in Ohio was 375,045, and Hancock's 340,821.

E. A. R., Sparta, Mich.:

Please tell me what kind of liquor laws they have in Georgia.

Local option laws, authorizing the people of counties or of smaller territorial subdivisions to decide by ballot whether and in what quantities intoxicating liquors shall be sold within their limits. There are also general laws prohibiting the sale of liquors to minors or to persons already intoxicated, which prohibition is punished by fine and imprisonment. In some counties prohibition extends only to sale in quantities less than one gallon, while other counties prohibit its sale altogether.

Sub., Johnsville, Ky.:

Please publish in your paper the origin of the Democratic emblem, the rooster.

We will not be positive, but think the rooster was first used as a Democratic emblem by an Indiana editor. A Whig editor, announcing the result, said to his Democratic rival in Mr. Chapman), "Now, crow, Chapman, crow!" And Chapman did crow, bringing out a huge woodcut of a rooster for that purpose. If we are in error, we shall be glad to have some old-time politician make the correction.

J. L., Zanesville, Ind.:

What officers, and by whom are they appointed in the District of Columbia? What offices, if any, are elected by the people of the District?

The District is governed by Congress, the chief officers being three commissioners, two at $5,000 each, the other his rank in the army, from which he is selected. The appointees are all from the District, at least they credit themselves there after appointment. About 300 metropolitan police get from $75 a month to $1,000 a year. There are no elections by the people, and Congress can change the mode of government whenever it sees fit.

Student, Grafton, W. Va.:

1. What necessary qualifications must a person possess in order to become a good postal clerk? 2. Was Blaine ever in favor of free trade? If so, when? 3. Can an apt person learn to be a proficient stenographer without the aid of a book? 4. Supposing that a majority of the electoral votes should be cast for Mrs. Belva Lockwood could she, according to the constitution, act as President?

1. A good common school education. 2. Yes, in his early school days. 3. Yes. 4. It is not a supposable case; but even if it were, Mrs. Lockwood could not hold the office. The constitution says "he" shall hold the office, and in case of "his" death, the same shall devolve on the Vice President, etc., etc.

E. C. L., Castle, N. Y.:

1. What became of Canonicus, chief of the Narragansetts? 2. Who was Canonchet? 3. Please give a short description of them.

2. He died June 4, 1647. 3. He was chief of the Narragansetts, who probably succeeded Canonicus. He was taken prisoner by Dennison, and shot. That is all we can learn about him. 3. Canonicus was the firm friend of the English, especially of Roger Williams. From him, Williams obtained, March 24, 1638, the grant of land for his settlement of the future state of Rhode Island. In 1622, two years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Canonicus sent as a challenge a bundle of arrows tied with a snake skin. The skin was returned, filled with powder and ball; but the peace was unbroken. In 1632-35 there was a war between the Pequots and Narragansetts, about the ownership of land. Canonicus, after losing his son, burned his own residence and all his goods in it. During his life the Narragansetts, though engaged in wars with other Indians, remained at peace with the whites. Many years after his death, however, under the famous King Philip, they made war on the English, and were about exterminated.

F. G., Elroy, Wis.:

1. Please tell me who the Rev. Dr. Burchard is. 2. What is it about this Rum, Romanism and Rebellion statement of his? 3. What effect did it have on the past campaign?

1. Dr. Samuel D. Burchard is about 72 years old, and was born in Oneida county, N. Y. He removed to Kentucky when about 18 years of age, and graduated from Center college in 1836. He was licensed to preach by the Transylvania Presbytery in 1838. In 1839 he removed to New York city, where he became pastor of a flourishing church, remained until 1861, when he was appointed chaplain of the American church in Paris, and in 1866 chancellor of Ingham university. He afterwards became president of Rutger's female college, and now preaches to a small congregation in New York. 2. At the dinner tendered Mr. Blaine by the citizens of New York, a short time before the election, a number of ministers were invited. They held a separate meeting, passed resolutions endorsing the Republican ticket, and appointed Dr. Burchard to present the resolutions to Blaine. In the course of his remarks he congratulated Mr. Blaine that he represented a party which was opposed to "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." Mr. Blaine says he understood the sentiment as "Rum, Mormonism and Rebellion," and replied to it in that sense. 3. The words were tortured and twisted into all kinds of shapes, and even attributed to Blaine himself. The sentiment undoubtedly lost Blaine a great many votes, if not the Presidency. There was a disposition among Irish Democrats to vote for Blaine, but this unfortunate utterance by Dr. Burchard created a stampede that could not be checked in so short a time before the election.

In answer to J. W. B., of Aurora, Mo., we stated that we did not think Gen. Marmaduke killed the Confederate General Walker in a duel. C. F. D., of Cassidy, Mo., sends a clipping from the Springfield *Herald* which tells of a duel between Marmaduke and Walker, the informant of that paper being Justice Porter. Following is the clipping: "In September of 1864, while the Confederate forces were falling back from Little Rock, Ark., Marmaduke who was then a Brigadier, was acting as Major General under Gen. Walker, and from the position of his troops found all of the hard fighting falling to his men who were compelled to fall back from their position from time to time. Several times Marmaduke requested Walker to support him in a new position, and on each occasion was promised assistance only to find upon reaching a new stand that his superior officer had retreated before his arrival. At night when the two generals were passing each other Marmaduke accused Walker of cowardice and soon afterwards received a challenge to fight. After some hours spent in deliberation an acceptance was delivered to Walker, and a an early hour in the morning the men met for the encounter, each accompanied by a number of friends. After all was ready the officers with revolvers in hand took their positions, and at the word fired. Walker shot first, just grazing the shoulder of Marmaduke, who entirely missed his mark. The second round resulted in the former getting the first shot, just after which he was pierced through the body with a ball from Marmaduke's pistol, from the effects of which he died that night. Gen. Price had Marmaduke placed under arrest, but soon released him at the request of his brigade, and no further action was taken in the matter. It is said that the entire army exonorated the general from any wish to enter into the duel, which opinion was also shared by the people of that State. Justice Porter was in Marmaduke's command during a couple of years, and was near by on the occasion of the duel."

J. W. S., Holliday's Cove, W. Va.: The government land offices in Missouri are at Booneville, Springfield and Ironton; in Oregon at Oregon City, Roseburg, La Grande, Lakeview and Dalles. Write to the registers. The address of the commissioner of the general land office is Washington, D. C.

J. W., Burlington, Ia.:

1. Please tell me who to apply to for a pension. 2. How soon will work begin on the new soldiers' home at Leavenworth? 3. Will there be any farming connected with it? 4. Who could one apply to for a situation in the home? 5. What is the present population of Leavenworth? 6. Can't you give a few portraits of our eminent men each week?

1. To the commissioner of pensions. He will furnish all the blanks necessary. 2. Do not know; within a few months, probably. 3. Yes. 4. To the governor of the home, when appointed. 5. About 17,000. 6. The BLADE is not a "picture paper."

M. D. G., White Oak Gap, Ky.:

1. Please give Arthur's cabinet. 2. When was the first tariff law passed?

1. As the administration is drawing to a close, we give the names of the cabinet as it now stands: Secretary of state, F. T. Frelinghuysen; secretary of the treasury, Hugh McCulloch; secretary of war, Robert T. Lincoln; secretary of the navy, W. E. Chandler; secretary of the interior, H. M. Teller; postmaster general, Frank Hatton; attorney general, B. H. Brewster. 2. The first tariff bill for raising a revenue was reported in Congress May 12, 1789, and went into effect August 1, 1789. The first protective tariff bill passed after the last war with England was in 1816.

B. B., Steffanville, Mo.:

What were the names of the ten first governors of the state of Ohio?

Arthur St. Clair was governor of the Northwest territory, of which Ohio was a part, from July 13, 1788, when the first civil government was established in the territory, until about the close of the year 1802, when he was removed by the President, and Charles Willing Byrd, secretary of the territory, became acting governor. The governors and acting governors of the state were Edward Tiffin, Thomas Kirker, Samuel Huntington, Return Jonathan Meigs, Othniel Looker, Thomas Worthington, Ethan Allen Brown, Allen Trimble, Jeremiah Morrow, Allen Trimble, and Duncan McArthur.

O. E. S., McClellandtown, Va.:

1. How many cables are there across the Atlantic and how many across the Pacific? 2. Is there a wire going clear around the earth?

From published reports the following facts connected with the Atlantic cables are gleaned:

	Miles.
1866. First practicable cable from Valentia, Ireland, to Newfoundland	1,866
1869. Brest and to Duxbury, Mass	3,300
1873. Valentia to Newfoundland	1,900
1874. Valentia to Newfoundland (second cable)	1,930
1875. Ireland to Rye Beach, N. H	3,000
1879. French cable from Brest to North Eastham, Mass	3,250
1884. Mackay-Bennett cable from Ireland to Nova Scotia and Rockport, Mass., one section extending to Fire Island and thence to New York	

2. No.

E. H., Auburn, N. Y.:

1. Can a foreigner who has only taken his first papers out six months, be called upon to serve in case of a war? 2. Is the declaratory statement binding, or can it be cancelled if desired before the final papers are taken out? 3. Is Florida a healthy country? 4. What kind of farming is carried on there besides orange growing?

1. Think so, because if he claims protection he ought to be compelled to render some return, if necessary. 2. It can not be cancelled, and is binding on the government whenever the applicant chooses to claim its benefits. 3. Yes. 4. An important and lucrative industry is the cultivation of early garden vegetables for the Northern markets. Cotton, sugar cane, tobacco, corn and rice are profitable crops. The raising of cattle for the Havana market is a very important occupation in the south and west. The pasture grasses are very abundant.

Delayed Subscriptions.

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If sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

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Letter containing $1, no date, orders specimen copies for Thos. Jones, D. H. Burnett and others.

Letter containing $1, no address, signed G. Drummond.

Letter containing 10c., no address, signed A. P. Higley.

Letter containing $1, no address, signed H. E. Barr.

Letter containing money order No. 1,565 for $1.10, postmarked Scio, Oregon, no order or name.

Letter containing $1, from New Lisbon, Wis., no order or name.

Letter containing 30c, dated at Mariana, no State, signed Mrs. R. A. Sexton.

Letter containing 30c., no date, signed Wm Campbell.

Letter containing $1, dated at Westerville, Neb., no signature.

Letter containing $1, to pay for seven copies, dated at Deer Creek, no State.

Letter containing 60c, dated at Elmwood, no State, signed Isaac D. Taylor.

Letter containing 25c, dated at Mineral City, Ind., no name signed.

Letter containing 25c, no date, signed D. P. Van Horn, per I. Black, P. M.

Letter containing 25c, no date or name.

Letter containing 25c, no date, signed Wm. Crothers.

Letter containing 35c, dated at Smithville, Va., no name signed.

Letter containing $1.60, no date, signed C. B. Streitberger.

Letter containing 25c, no date, paper to go to Edwin Ricker.

Letter containing 20c, no date, signed D.M. Redman, paper to go to John Black.

Letter containing 25c, dated at Caseville, no State, signed F. Crawford.

If E. B. Hamaker, P. M. of Chesterville will give his full address the matter will be looked into.

Letter containing 20c, no date, signed F. F. Blair

A list of 15 names, no date, no order.

Letter containing 30c, dated at Bangor, no State, signed A. L. Bourne.

Letter containing 25c, no date or name.

Letter containing 30c, postmarked Ripley O., no signature.

Letter containing 20c, no date, signed Ed. T. Denson.

Letter containing 25c, no date, order or name.

Letter containing $1, dated at Peele, no State signed Charles Smith.

Letter containing 30c, dated at Lemore, Cal., no signature.

Letter containing $1, dated at Dow, Wabash Co., Ind., no signature.

Letter containing 30c, dated at Guilford, no State, paper to go to L. W. Thrail, signed L. L. Rowland.

Letter containing 25c, dated at Garrett, signed C. Ison.

If G. E. Mathews, of Georgetown, will give his full address the matter will be looked up.

Letter containing 90c, dated at Cole'sook, no State, paper to go to D. Chambers, signed George Taylor, P. M.

Letter containing $1, no date, signed Isaac D. Leslie.

Letter containing $1, dated at Beloit, no State signed James F. Murray.

Letter containing $1, no date, signed L. H. Devoe.

Letter containing $1, no date, signed Geo. Doty.

Letter containing $2, no date, signed S. W. Hatter.

Letter containing 25c, no date, paper for Essex News, signed A. L. Davis.

Letter containing $, dated at Sharon, Kan., no signature.

Letter containing $1, dated at Bridgeport, no State and no signature.

Letter containing $1.92, dated Browning, no State, signed T. M. Brinkley, P. M.

Letter containing $1, no date, signed B. S. Boydston.

Parties remitting money or express order should ALWAYS give their name and address. We often get money without either, and afterwards inquiries as to the receipt of the money. Our patrons will please bear this in mind, as we can do nothing without their NAME AND ADDRESS IN FULL.

OUR CLUB LIST.

We have made arrangements with the publishers, enabling us to send the BLADE and either of the following publications for the prices annexed (postage prepaid):

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Phrenological Journal	2 00	2 60
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Arthurs' Home Magazine	2 00	2 35
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 30
Brainard's Musical World	1 50	2 05
Leslie's Lady Monthly	2 50	3 10
Leslie's Sunday Magazine	2 50	3 10
Harper's Monthly	4 00	4 30
Godey's Lady Book	2 00	2 70
Peterson's Magazine	2 00	2 45
The Century	4 00	4 60

In making this proposition we stipulate that we must receive at the SAME TIME one subscriber to the BLADE for each copy of any other publication ordered from the list. They need not both be sent to the same person, nor even to the same Postoffice, and in renewing their subscriptions, old as well as new subscribers may avail themselves of the offer.

Rats Plaited Together.

A large number of rats established themselves in a hayloft, about midway between the floor and the top of the hay. The owner of the premises, hearing a continuous squealing noise in the loft, took a fork and removed the hay from the place whence the noise proceeded and uncovered a nest of about twenty rats. Several of them ran and were caught by the dog, but a bundle of sixteen full-grown animals remained on the spot; their tails were plaited together something after the fashion of a whipcord. By picking up one of them the rest adhered and could not be shaken apart. It was supposed by persons who saw them that, in order to avoid the cold, the rat occupying the top of the pile sought a warmer place by creeping underneath, but not having room to draw his tail after him, it was left sticking out, the next rat did the same, and so on until all had changed their position, and every individual rat's tail was entwined into the curious knot that held them together. If they had not been discovered and killed, they must have starved, as they could not have separated.—*Conquenessing News.*

A Daisy of a Dominion.

The seventeen-year-old girl who annually cuts her father's entire crop of wheat, and mows ten acres of grass, lives in Dufferin county. This year, besides performing these agricultural labors, she has "set up" with a Shelburne store clerk three nights a week, read seven continued stories in a weekly family journal, attended four Sunday-school picnics, set the dogs on 29 tramps, and fallen off a cherry tree. And yet some cranky editors continue to propound the conundrum, "What can women do?"—*Walkerstown (Ont.) Herald.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hand by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 149 Powers Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Thurlow Weed's Memory.

Atlanta *Constitution*: When Thurlow Weed was quite a young man his comrades told him that he was cut out for a politician, and he was inclined to believe them, but he realized to his bitter regret that his memory was a sieve. He could not remember dates, names, faces, or appointments. Speaking of the matter to his wife, the hopeful little woman told him that if he had no memory he must make one. So every evening he spent fifteen minutes trying to recall the events of the day. At first he could remember very little, but by degrees his memory improved. From that time for nearly 50 years he made it a practice every night to tell his wife the history of the day, the editorials he had written, the people he had seen, his conversation with them, the letters he had sent and received, his rides and walks, in fact, everything. Mr. Weed found that this mental discipline strengthened his memory until it became phenomenal, and he always recommended persons of week memory to follow his example.

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Paper Counterpanes.

A New Jersey company is engaged in making paper counterpanes and pillow shams. Number one manilla paper is used, two large sheets being held together by small twine at intervals of three or four inches, gummed so as to stick the sheets together where the twine lies. The twine strengthens the paper. The margin of the counterpane has a hem, in which is more of the twine to keep it from tearing. Beautiful designs are printed on the upper surface of the counterpane and pillow shams, which make a very neat appearance. When they become wrinkled they can be made smooth by hot flatirons. They retail at 75 cents a set. The counterpane can be left on the bed when it is occupied if so desired, and in cold weather it will be found a very neat and warm article of bed clothing, since the paper will prevent the escape of heat about as well as a woolen blanket. Why would not these be of admirable service in sleeping-cars? They could be destroyed after once being used, and would be infinitely preferable to the thick, hot, oppressive blankets and counterpanes now used.

Shakespeare's Illiterate Daughter.

Mr. Black's novel having aroused some interest in Judith Shakspeare, it is well to know the very little that is known about the real daughter of Shakspeare. She and her twin brother Hamnet were born in 1584, and a few months before her father's death in 1616 she married Thomas Quiney and had three children. She died in 1661. The mention of her in her father's will seems to indicate a good deal of affection on his part, and we know that she could not write her name, but signed with a cross. These are the only reliable facts about Judith Shakspeare.

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THE WEEKLY BLADE

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, Nov. 27, 1884.

Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second-Class Matter.

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TOLEDO, O.

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Circulation Last Week, 164,000.

TRY IT AND SEE!

The circulation of the WEEKLY BLADE, given above, is greater than that of any other newspaper in America. It is read, at a moderate computation, by three quarters of a million of people every week. It goes into the homes of the best class of people in the nation, and the very class whom every wide-awake advertiser desires to reach. An advertisement in its columns, therefore, is the cheapest and most profitable means of reaching them.

Try it and see.

It is a surprising fact—if it be a fact—stated in a recent letter from Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, that of the total population, 300,000, of the little republic, only 50,000—one in ten—are men. The 270,000 women are the farmers, producers, and laborers. They work slavishly and are very poor. While the men sit at home and drink and smoke the women indefatigably toil and support the families.

A PICTURE WITH A MORAL TO IT, FREE!

Send a postal for a cartoon illustration which has a moral to it. It should be hung up in every place where people can see it. Address a postal for the cartoon, "Do you see any good coming out of it?" Sent free by mail. It should be hung up everywhere. Send postal to BLADE, Toledo, O. We want them hung in every store, factory and shop in the United States.

A wonderful geographical discovery is alleged to have been made, and within 300 miles of the city of Quebec. M. COMEAU, a French Canadian explorer, announces that what has hitherto been regarded as the insignificant Lake Mistassini, on the northern frontier of the province of Quebec, is a huge body of water, equalling in size Lake Ontario, if not Lake Superior, and stretching for hundreds of miles towards Labrador. It thus appears that the greatest of British-American lakes—if M. COMEAU's report is to be credited—lies nearer the white settlements of northwestern Canada than any other body of inland water excepting Lake Winnepeg, and yet has been practically unknown till the present year.

THE BLADE ought to reach a circulation of 250,000 this winter. It will touch that figure if its friends extend their generous and prompt help. The time to get a sound paper into the hands of the people where it will do the most good, is now, before the field is worked over and over. The BLADE has a great deal of work to do this winter.

KING ALFONSO of Spain is ill, and his ailment, it is presumed, will terminate fatally. This event would mean another upheaval in the Castilian kingdom. The heiress to the throne is a little child, and the Queen, who, under the law, would be regent during the long minority, is not liked by the people because she is an Austrian. Spain is ripe for a republic, if her people were fitted to be trusted with power.

If you are a subscriber to the BLADE you may still avail yourself of our clubbing rates in getting either our Books, the engraving of Pilgrim's Progress, or the Waterbury Watch at the reduced rate. Simply get us another subscriber. The premium may go to one address and the paper to another. Secure us another subscriber, do him good and get your article at a reduced rate.

MISSOURI is progressing. The Democratic majority for governor was cut down at least 30,000, and two Republican Representatives were elected to Congress. The state will swing around into the Republican column one of these fine days.

AND now comes the horrid rumor that the relations between the newly elected President and Vice-President are "somewhat strained." HENDRICKS believes that "the tail of the old ticket" won the day, while CLEVELAND thinks that success was due to his "reform" record. This is truly sad.

RENEW your subscription immediately, and get your neighbor to send for the BLADE at the same time. We want 250,000 circulation, and shall not be satisfied with less than 200,000.

THE cattlemen who have been holding a convention in St. Louis, consider that they have grievances to be redressed, as well as the people who complain of their aggressions. One thing is certain. There is a necessity for a check to be placed in some parts of the country upon the seizure of such large tracts of fine farming lands for purely grazing purposes.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

AN analysis of the result of the Presidential election shows that CLEVELAD gets his seat by the grace of the Solid South and the vote of New York city. The state of New York, outside of the city, is strongly Republican. Connecticut and New Jersey are Republican aside from the overflow population within their borders from the great metropolis. And aside from these three states, the only other Northern State that gave its electoral vote to CLEVELAND is Indiana—and the poor, illiterate population of the Southern part of the State, which section is the Democratic stronghold, with importations of Bourbon Kentuckians from across the Ohio, sufficiently account for that. In the South, 42 of the 153 electoral votes are on account of negro citizens. But the 1,100,000 voters of that race, representing a colored population of 5,300,000, are completely disfranchised—not because they are in the minority, but because they are deprived of their rights by trickery and fraud.

THE congestive tendency of capital which has been a conspicuous feature through the summer and fall has continued without abatement. The New York banks report considerably the largest surplus held this year. The reserves have increased by $2,904,200, and the banks now hold $40,346,050 more than the law requires to back their liabilities, against a surplus a year ago of $5,284,000. The liabilities could, therefore be increased by $160,000,000 in round numbers without infringing upon the legal limit. Reserves are $37,514,500 greater than a year ago, deposits are $16,219,800 greater, and loans are $36,199,000 less. It is probable that the time is near at hand that the loss of interest on so much idle capital will suggest a modification of the bank policy of that city favorable to commercial interests.

THE weather has been in the main exceptionally favorable to agriculture, North and South. In consequence of the early ripening of the crop and the fair weather, it is probable that a larger proportion of the cotton crop has been gathered than for many years at this time in the season. The winter wheat area has been reduced by an important percentage, creating an opportunity for farmers in the spring wheat belt, of which they will probably take ample advantage. If, as all appearances indicate, it shall be ascertained that the winter wheat acreage in Europe is reduced still more seriously than in the United States. All staple western produce has still been under a very marked depression. The decline in breadstuffs has been rather serious, and the live stock markets have also been unfavorable to sellers.

THE compromise of Mr. GLADSTONE with regard to the Franchise and Redistribution bills is regarded as a surrender by him and a victory by the Earl of Salisbury. It is said that the matter was allowed to take its present condition because of Mr. GLADSTONE'S determination to pass the Franchise bill while in power, and a longer fight on his part was absolutely forbidden by his physician. Two other political events of the week of importance are the debate in the House of Commons on the Crofters' disturbance in the Scotch Isles, and the dispatch of Gen. SCRATCHLEY to annex New Guinea.

THE imperial speech at the opening of the German Parliament indicates that BISMARCK still hopes to offset the spread of Socialistic doctrines through the empire by favoring much legislation in behalf of the workingmen. Other phrases also show that he will henceforth give more attention to German colonization schemes. So far as the Socialists are concerned, the attitude of the Chancellor has only roused them to declarations of greater opposition; and in regard to colonization schemes even Prince BISMARCK may know more than he does now when the Congo conference has ended.

THE Congo conference, in session at Berlin, may cause trouble before it is ended. So far all has moved on harmoniously, but it is evident that BISMARCK is bent upon securing a foothold in South Africa, as a step towards a colonial extension of the empire. Upon the other hand the English are not willing to submit their claims to the control of the Niger to international superintendence; yet BISMARCK, in his opening speech, referred to freedom of trade on that river as one of the subjects to be reviewed by the powers represented. The reply of SIR EDWARD MALET, the British commissioner, was pleasant enough, but he did not in the least retreat from the position assumed for England by LORD GRANVILLE. The committee has agreed unanimously that free trade shall prevail in the western part of the Congo basin.

MADRID has been the scene of considerable rioting during the last week. The trouble began in the University, because of the excommunication of one of the professors by the Bishop of the Province, for delivering a speech that was too liberal in its tendencies. The students were asked to sign a paper approving the act, but they refused, and disorder began. It finally spread to the street, and republican partisans joined with the students, shots were fired, and a general melee was the result. The whole affair shows that there is a strong party in Spain with liberal tendencies, and, as in Russia, its members are among the young men of the country.

THE cholera in Paris has diminished since the commencement of cold weather. The city is in a bad sanitary condition, and as soon as the temperature becomes mild again there is no doubt but the epidemic will be renewed with force. It is also prevailing in different parts of Spain. As yet it does not appear to have penetrated to any great extent into Germany.

SEND US NAMES.

Send us the names of your friends to whom we may send specimen copies. No matter where they are—East, West, North or South, send them in. The BLADE is the only paper that can claim a purely National circulation. It goes to every State and Territory in the Union, and to almost every Postoffice. It is as popular in Maine as it is in Texas, and is read with as much avidity in New York as in Washington Territory. We want all the names we can get.

THE celebrated phrase, "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion," it now seems, was not original with Dr. BURCHARD. It first appeared in one of EUGENE LAWRENCE'S papers, which were published serially in *Harpers' Weekly*, in 1873-74,

THE REASON FOR IT.

There never was a time in the history of the world when the traffic in intoxicants should not have been prohibited, for there never has been a time when the interests of humanity did not demand it. But where there was one reason 20 years ago, there are an hundred now.

Twenty years ago the rum business was quite another thing from to what it is today. It was bad enough, God knows, then, for there is nothing in the business or connected with it that was not then bad, but it was upon another basis, and was conducted in quite another way. Then wherever enough drunkards and moderate drinkers were congregated, some one established a dram shop, where the drinkers could fuddle themselves at their own sweet will. Of course there was beggary, murder, sickness and all forms of misery attendant, for where Rum is all evils are. But in those days the rum-drinker came to the Rum-seller—the Rum-seller did not go out to search for Rum-drinkers, nor did he make it his business to educate the young and the foolish into Rum-Drinking.

But within 20 years all this has changed. The brewing of Lager beer has changed it. Beer, at first made in a modest way, opened the road to vast fortunes. It was found that men who disapproved of whisky could drink beer, for it was esteemed to be a drink so mild and harmless that it could be indulged in with impunity. "I never drink—I take occasionally a glass of beer, but nothing strong." That was and is the talk heard every day.

The Brewers knew better. The Brewers knew that there was alcohol in beer, originally, and latterly they have added alcohol to it for a purpose. They were willing enough to have it understood that beer was a harmless drink, but they did not desire to have it so. They wanted a drink with enough alcohol in it to create the Rum disease, to create and continue the infernal craving for stimulants, so that when they had made a customer they could depend upon keeping him. They went at their business systematically, basing it upon known physiological laws. Inasmuch as when alcohol gets its footing in the system, alcohol will be continued so long as the consumer lives, the point was to make a drink which contained enough alcohol to create the appetite in the shortest possible time. They put "body," as they call it, into their swash, and made it so strong that it would be quite as effective as whisky in the making of drunkards. The point was to add to the number of drinkers, and they proceeded as systematically at their horrid trade as legitimate business men do at theirs.

They set about creating a demand for beer. They established beer-shops everywhere. The great brewers made a canvass of their cities, and wherever they could work in a beer-shop it was done. They selected the worst men in the world, and rented shops for them, they furnished them with fixtures and stock, making it the condition of continuance that the tenant should sell so many kegs a day of their beer.

The tenant set about his work. If he could induce a workingman to enter his doors, he saw to it that he was so entertained that he came again. If he could get a boy into his private back room to play at cards or billiards, every facility was extended to him. He made the infernal shop the place of resort for the weak and inexperienced, he did everything that a fiendish ingenuity could suggest to not only entrap, but hold those they entrapped.

To sum it all up in one word they made a business of making drunkards, that they might hold their leases for the profit of themselves and their proprietors, the brewers. They no longer waited for customers who might drop in, but they made a business of dragging them in, and of fastening the terrible habit upon them.

They did not confine their nefarious business to the cities, for there are men and boys to ruin in the country as well. They went out into the country towns, the villages, even to the country cross-roads, and established their dens. Wherever a sign is displayed advertising any particular brewer, the mothers of that section may know that the hole is the property of the brewer whose name is displayed, and that he is the man who is after their sons.

The result of this was a war upon humanity by the Brewers. The great brewing houses in Milwaukee, Toledo, Cincinnati, Rochester and other Brewing points, number their shops by the thousand. They have millions invested in it, and they are pushing the frightful business with all the energy that avarice inspires and greed gives birth to.

We said in the beginning that where twenty years ago there was one reason for Prohibition there are now twenty. Every beer shop is a reason, and there are a hundred now to one twenty years ago. It has changed from a passive nuisance to an aggressive, threatening evil. Beer-sellers do not now wait for customers to come to them—they go out to seek them. They do not live upon those who themselves formed an appetite for it—they make it a business to fasten the appetite upon others. They are the missionaries of evil, the apostles of drunkenness, the high priests of degradation and crime. They work to swell their business, and swelling their business means swelling the flood of misery, wretchedness and crime.

There are rum-sellers who do refuse liquor to drunkards and boys; but they are as scarce as hens' teeth, and they do not take this course from any good motive. They do it because it is more pleasant and profitable to them to do so. They find it more profitable to begin the work of drunkard making, as others find it more profitable to finish it. Nine in ten of the fraternity make it a business to entice boys into their places, for the sole purpose of making drunkards of them, knowing that, when the appetite is once fixed, whatever they can earn, beg or steal is sure to come to their tills. The debauching of boys is a business with them. Every father and mother has an interest in this matter, for so long as these hunters of men are tolerated no boy is safe.

To say that the strong hand of the law shall not be invoked to stay the destructive hands of these pests to society is to say that society has no right to protect itself. To say that the man who deliberately makes a business of debauching his neighbors' children shall not be restrained by law is to say that humanity has no right to protect itself. To say that there shall not be some defense against this evil is to say that evil is paramount, and that nothing else has rights.

The world has fooled with this question quite long enough. All sorts of nostrums have been tried to check it, but to no purpose. Its growth depends upon its being let alone. The interest cares nothing for restriction and restraint, it laughs at license and all that. All it fears is a movement looking to extirpation. ~~Prohibition, pure and simple, is the only way to~~

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

CLEVELAND has felt called upon to give utterance to his views on the negro question in the South. He makes the entirely superfluous assurance that they shall not be re-enslaved, and declares that "the present condition or status of these people has been so fully accepted by the entire country that no one should have the slightest idea that any attempt will be made to change it." There are, of course, many of the more ignorant colored people of that section who really fear a return to slavery; but the intelligent negroes, the educated ones, the men to whom the race looks for leadership, know that this cannot be. They have no doubt that many of the old Bourbons would be glad if it could be accomplished, but their anxiety for the future, and their distrust of the incoming administration is based on the fear that the wrongs they now endure in being denied the privilege of the ballot, through vile, unblushing frauds, will be perpetuated indefinitely, and still further indignities heaped upon them.

CLEVELAND'S oracular utterance affords them no hope of a change. His turgid declaration that "the present status of these people has been fully accepted by the entire country" is a falsehood. What is their present political condition? As the BLADE has shown many times during the late campaign, the cardinal principle of our form of government—that the majority shall rule—is practically nullified in at least six of the Southern states. In two of them the colored citizens largely outnumber the white voters; in another they were almost equal in number in 1880, and probably outnumber the whites to-day, and in three others the difference is so small that the colored vote, plus the white Republican strength, has a clear majority in each—if there were a free ballot and an honest count. The Republicans of the North, far outnumbering the Democrats, have not "fully accepted" the situation. They will never accept it. Every state must become a republic. The Southern oligarchies must go. The President-elect's assurance that no "attempt will be made to change" the status of the negro, now denied his rights in those six states, means, if it means anything, that the machinery of fraud and intimidation shall be kept operative during his incumbency.

"Well, but what are you going to do about it?" say the Southern Bourbons. Merely keep the question before the honest, thinking masses everywhere. We have faith in the people. Sober, judicious reflection will convince them that a continuation of Bourbon methods of misrule is fraught with grave danger to the perpetuity of our form of government. It teaches the rising generation that "the end justifies the means;" that the will of the majority is nothing, if the minority can keep themselves entrenched in power by force and fraud; it teaches a terrible lesson to the minority of which they will not be slow to avail themselves when the inevitable change does come. They will be impelled to use the same fraudulent methods to keep their enemies out of control.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

Elsewhere will be found the BLADE'S announcement of Holiday Presents for its patrons. There is nothing in the market more useful than what we offer, and certainly nothing that can be procured for less money.

We ask those contemplating the purchase of anything in the way of Holiday Goods to not only make their selection from this list, but to make their orders immediately, that we may have time to execute them promptly and properly. There will, else, be a rush just before Christmas, and many will be disappointed in the very important matter of time.

Make your orders at once, and they will be filled in time.

We most confidently recommend the Books, Picture and Watch, assuring our patrons that they will not be disappointed in either of them.

THOSE receiving our Cartoon, "Can you see any Good coming out of it?" are notified that we are going to issue a series of them, that we want them posted where people will see them, and that the more are posted the more the people will be reminded of the subject pictorially treated. The next will be entitled, "This is very Jolly, But—" It will carry its own lesson with it. You can't use too many of them to please us, or do the great cause a service. Plaster the country over with them. They cost nothing but a request.

A FORCIBLE AND TRUTHFUL UTTERANCE.

We publish elsewhere a sermon delivered by Rev. J. C. JACKSON, of Chillicothe, Ohio, on the relation of the Rum Power to society and politics. We give it space willingly, for no more truthful or scathing presentation of the subject has been made for years.

Our readers in other states will understand that the Scott law referred to was an act imposing a tax upon whisky-sellers of $200 per annum. It was a mild tax, a very light one, but light as it was the rum-sellers never rested till they nullified it, which they did by electing a Judge with the distinct understanding that the law was to be declared unconstitutional.

Rev. Mr. JACKSON only states the naked truth when he says that the Rum interest will accept nothing less than absolute freedom for their business, and he is right in holding that temperance men should insist upon nothing less than the absolute wiping out of the traffic. It has come to that, and the issue between the two opposing forces cannot be joined too soon.

We ask for the sermon a careful perusal, especially by those who still hold that there is some other way than Prohibition of meeting the Rum Power.

THE governor of West Virginia has issued his proclamation, declaring that hereafter that state will hold her general elections in November. An amendment to the constitution to that effect at the recent election was ratified by a large vote.

"W. A. Y."'S POSITION.

Last week we published a communication from "W. A. Y.", of Georgetown, O., on the Ohio Prohibition question. Without taking up his different points seriatim, let us call his attention to these facts:

There is no national election for four years to come, and hence no need of a national Prohibition organization. There is nothing which it is possible for a national party to accomplish, at any rate. What is possible to be done in the direction of freeing our land from the accursed traffic can better be done within the states themselves. And in discussing what can be done in that direction, we will, as does our correspondent, consider the situation in Ohio alone. In 1883, there was a prohibitory amendment to the state constitution submitted to the vote of the people. It received the enormous number of 324,129 votes, according to the official record—and there are many who believe that, if the votes it received had all been properly recorded, it would have been carried by a clear majority of the votes of the state. The Republican ticket received 347,164 votes; the Democratic, 359,693 votes.

At the very same election, the third party Prohibitionists' ticket received 8,262 votes. This is a fair average of the Prohibition vote of the state. What lessons are we to draw from these two votes, cast at the same election?

Just the one fact that "W. A. Y." and the third party Prohibitionists ignore—that there are other issues before the people which they consider of paramount importance, when compared with the Prohibition issue. These voters were willing to vote for prohibition when it could be voted for and at the same time allow them a chance to express their convictions at the ballot-box concerning the questions which were at issue last fall between the two great political parties in the state canvass. But they were not willing, by a large majority, to vote for the candidates on the Prohibition state ticket, and thus ignore the battle between the Democrats and the Republicans.

It is useless to discuss the right and wrong of the matter. The fact here shown has been proved time and again. The vital question for all who desire to see this monster evil, the traffic in intoxicating liquor, abolished in Ohio, is, accepting this state of things on the part of the voters of Ohio as impossible to change, what shall we do for our cause?

The vote in 1883 on the second amendment showed that there are Prohibitionists in both parties. Part of the Republicans oppose liquor restrictive laws of all kinds, and part of the Democrats also. And the line dividing the Prohibitionists from the free whisky men cuts the party lines at right angles. To illustrate: Taking the map of Ohio, let us draw a line from Sandusky to Portsmouth, and suppose that all the state east of that line is Republican, and all west of it is Democratic. Then let us draw a line east and west across the state, passing through Springfield, Columbus and Zanesville, and consider all north of that as Prohibitionists, and all south of it opposed to Prohibition. Let us also suppose the voters to be equally distributed over the state—that equal areas have equal populations.

Now, suppose, for the sake of argument, that the Republican party adopts Prohibition as one plank of its platform. What will be the result when election day comes round? The southwest quarter of the state cannot, of course, come to us. The northwest corner of Prohibition Democrats will not vote for the Prohibition candidates, because that would be supporting their political enemies, the Republicans, and no issue could be important enough to make them do that. This loses the western half of the state, as we have the map divided.

Then the anti-prohibition Republicans of the State refuse to vote with their party on account of its attitude on the liquor issue. This loses to us the southeast quarter of the state, and we will carry the north-east quarter only, and be defeated.

The BLADE insists upon taking Prohibition out of party politics, and putting it where every Republican and every Democrat who believes in it, can vote for it without doing violence to other principles he may have. It is not a political question. It is a question in which men and women of all parties have an interest alike, and which should not be considered within the narrow bounds drawn by parties. When men have Roads or public works or anything of the kind to vote upon, party lines are not drawn because parties do not consider these questions. Prohibition, to be a success, must be considered the same way. It cannot win unless men of all parties vote for it—and so long as other questions come in to complicate it, no party can carry it, should it adopt it.

The BLADE'S plan avoids all difficulties. It leaves the voter free to vote with his party on all political issues. It merely asks him to make his choice in favor of Prohibition of one man on the ticket—the only one on it who can aid the cause of prohibition in any way—the candidate for the General Assembly. With a legislature the majority of which is in favor of Prohibition, a constitutional amendment therefor will be submitted to the people. Then let every man, Republican or Democrat, who favors prohibition work for it with a will, and it can be carried by a sweeping majority.

The same effort that elected a Legislature favorable to Prohibition would as easily elect a Legislature that would pass laws to enforce the Prohibition amendment. As to the enforcement thereof, the BLADE last week outlined its plan.

The Prohibition movement will not need a National organization until the states have dealt with it singly—until a constitutional majority of them have crushed the Rum Power. Then the friends of Prohibition can incorporate Prohibition in the national constitution, and not before. Slavery was a state issue until its advocates claimed the right to carry it into the public domain—the territories. It was recognized as an evil by the North, but they were willing to respect the right of any state holding slaves to do as it pleased within its own limits. Slavery might have been in existence to-day had its advocates been content to maintain it where it then existed, without trying to extend its limits. The Rum Power is a parallel case. Let the states deal with it within their own bounds, first, and to do this successfully it must be lifted out of politics and made a separate, distinct issue.

IN answer to several queries: The Cotton Centennial exposition at New Orleans will open on December 16, and close on May 1 next.

TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO GET THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

In response to the requests of our friends a great many people will receive this number of the BLADE who are not subscribers. We ask all such to examine it, and, if they like it, to subscribe therefor. We claim there is no paper printed which gives so much for the money,—none so good and so cheap. $1 a year, 30 cents for three months. Send in your subscription immediately.

THE BUSINESS DEPRESSION.

The business and industrial outlook is gloomy for the coming winter. The last two weeks have shown a large increase in the number of failures, a great majority of which were in the South and West. The past week has been marked by large reductions in wages, and by reductions in the hours of labor, in iron mills and coal mines, and in a great variety of our most important manufacturing industries. True, there were some establishments which had been idle that resumed work; but the balance was on the other side.

The business derangements that have troubled us, in common with other countries, for over a year past, are now affecting more particularly the working people. Wages are coming down all along the line, or the equivalent is occurring—the hours of labor are diminished, and the amount the workmen receive lessened in the same ratio.

This depression of trade and manufactures is not confined to the United States. We are suffering less than they are in England, or even in France. But the noticeable fact that things have been worse for the past two weeks—that the number of failures has increased largely, that the paralysis of the labor market has become greater—can be attributed to but one cause—the election of a Democratic President. "Capital is conservative and timid;" it dreads the unknown, the untried. The past record of the Democratic party as the upholder of Free Trade, the opponent of the National banking system, the antagonist of the entire economic policy of the Republican party, has led to a lack of confidence on the part of the business men of the country. They distrust it. Hence every one is trying to take in sail, to reduce the chances of loss to a minimum, if the expected storm does come.

This is the very state of things that tends to bring on a panic. Caution is wise, but to be over-cautious may precipitate the very trouble that is dreaded. So far as the signs of the times are to be discerned, they mark the close of an era of liquidation. Things will speedily improve if business moves quietly along in its accustomed channels, and no precipitate rush of all to secure themselves brings on a panic. True, there is wide-spread distrust of the incoming Democratic administration; but its hands are tied by the Republican Senate. There can be no reduction of the tariff with the Republican Upper House blocking the way. Then the new House of Representatives that comes in on March 4 has the number of Free Trade fanatics in it considerably reduced—and a Republican Senate still to hold it in check. And in 1886, the elections for Congress are safe to eliminate Free Traders pretty thoroughly from the House. The tariff is one of the issues over which the battle is still going on, and the lesson of 1884 is, that where the people understood the question they favored Protection. The Free Traders must go. And the financial policy of the Government can undergo no great change while the Senate is Republican—as it will be through CLEVELAND'S administration.

LOOK over our Holiday propositions and order what you want. There are no better holiday presents, for everything we offer has positive use. Then you are sure of getting what you pay for, which is another great point.

By the way, the BLADE for a year would be a very acceptable present for a friend. If any wish to make this present we will be glad to make out the receipt for yearly subscriptions and mail as directed. Those receiving the BLADE would be apt to remember the donor for 52 weeks, anyhow.

THE COMING SESSION.

The short session of the 48th Congress opens next Monday. We doubt if it will accomplish much outside of routine legislation. In the first place, it will be in session hardly more than nine weeks, leaving out the usual Christmas recess; and of those, fully half will be spent in elaborating the appropriation bills. The Democrats will be more than usually interested in them, for they will want CLEVELAND'S administration to enter on its brief lease of power with ample funds to dispense, in the hope that a part of the golden stream may find its way into the hands of those whom Mr. CURTIS so aptly designated as being "very hungry, and also very thirsty."

Then there is an enormous amount of unfinished work on hand in the House. The Senate cleared away its work last winter, while the House was paralyzing business by trying to pass the Morrison tariff reduction bill, and consequently its calendar is loaded down with bills awaiting its attention. There are 263 bills on the Speaker's table which have passed the Senate and await action by the House. Of these, one of the most important is the bill regulating the electoral count, which should by all means be passed. Then the Lowell bankruptcy bill; the McPherson banking bill, which gives to national banks a circulation equal to the par value of their bonds; the Mexican pensions bill, which adds about $25,000,000 annually to the pension rolls; and the Blair educational bill, of vital interest to the solution of the negro problem in the South—all have passed the Senate and wait the action of the House. There are a number of bills affecting commerce awaiting the House's action, including a bill to encourage American commerce, by paying a subsidy to American vessel owners; the Hennepin canal scheme; the Maryland and Delaware canal project, and that ever-present topic, the improvement of the Mississippi river. Altogether, there will be plenty to do to get the business now on hand out of the way by March 4, without trying to tinker the tariff, or indulge in any other Democratic foolishness.

TO TEMPERANCE MEN.

Will the friends of Temperance be good enough to send us the addresses of the active Temperance men in their localities, and for that matter anywhere in the United States. We want as many as possible, and as soon as possible.

DURING the past week there have been 248 business failures in the United States.

NASBY.

Mr. Nasby and His Three Friends Who Expected to Hold the Federal Offices See Trouble Ahead.

CONFEDERIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky.)
Nov. 25, 1884.

There ain't sich cleer sailin ez I sposed ther wood be. Mankind is the most selfishest uv the hooman family, and the most given to greedinis and resemblin the swine uv the valley, wich gits its feet ez well ez its nose into the troff.

While the electshun wuz pending no one expres any question ez to who wuz to hev the three federal offises in this village. It wuz a understood matter, that I wuz to be Postmaster, Isaaker Gavitt Collecter uv Customs, and Kernel McPelter collector uv Internel Revenoo. These appintments wuz all in the interest uv Civil Servis Reform. I hev a mortgage on the Post Offis, becoz I need it to live on, Issaker Gavitt the custom house becoz he hez his farm is mortgaged, and Kernel M'Pelter, the internel revenoo offis, becoz bein a distiller it will be convenyent for him to gauge his own whiskey. Then we are entitled to the places further, becoz no three men in the corners did so much for Cleveland and Reform ez we. I raised the money to send a party under charge uv Issaker and M'Pelter over into Injeany to vote, I only stayin at home myself to act ez a guard to keep the niggers away from the poles at the Corners, to enshoor the electshun uv a Reform member uv congris. We all hed posts uv danger and ef any are entitled to the places uv profit it is us'hs.

We held a meetin to consider the matter uv the offises, the Dimocrisy uv the Corners yoonanimusly demandin it. We gladly acceded to their demand, supposia, uv course, that wat they wantid wuz to give eggspreshn to the popler demand for our appointment, and we all three went so fur ez to borrer cleen shirts to appear in, and to prepare speeches uv thanks to our feller citizens fur the confidense they reposed into us.

We asked the Dimocrisy to turn out *en masse*, to organize theirselves into a perceshn, and fur eech one to hev a banner prepared to carry on that okkasion to make it impressive.

"Wat shel we hev put onto our banners?" they askt.

"Any thing," I replied, "that expresses yoor idee uv Dimocrisy."

It won't never do to trust the Dimocrisy without full preparashun. Every man uv the 237 Dimocratic voters in the Corners wuz promptly on hand, each with a banner, and jist ez promptly every one uv em enrolled hisn, and onto every one uv the 237 wuz the legend:—

"TO THE VICTERS BELONG THE SPOILS!"

That wuz their ijee uv a Dimekratic triumpf, and while it may be the honest expreshn uv their inmost hearts, it needn't hev been quite so yoonanimusly expresst.

Ther wuz jist 237 Dimocrats present in the meetin house, and I called the meetin to order, and me and Isaker and Kernel M'Pelter sot ther in our biled shirts, lookin ez dignified ez possible, waitin fur some one to sejest our names for the three offices, and offerin a resolooshen that President Cleveland immejitly appint us and settle the minds uv the Corners.

Not one uv em did it, however, and to relieve the okkurd paws I sekjestid that the objick uv the meetin wuz to take ackshun regardin the Fedrel offises in the Corners, and that an expreshn uv opinyun wood be in order.

Elder Pennibacker riz and remarkt that that wuz wat we wuz met for, and ez it wuz ruther embarrassin fur a man to perpose hisself, he moved that the sense uv the meetin be got at, by ballotin fur a candidate fur Post master!

I riz to object, but before I cood gin in a word edgeways, the moshun wuz kerried, and I was compelled to appint tellers. Then the Dimocrisy writ their ballots and passed in solum pereshn in front uv the hat depositin them therin.

The tellers countid them out. Ther was pereisely 237 votes cast, and it wuz a singler thing that every man present hed jist one vote for Postmaster!

"Gentlemen!" sed I in rage, "wat does this meen? Ther aint a man in this awjence wich don't know that the posishen uv Postmaster at the Corners blongs to me by perscriptive rite. Ther ain't a man who don't know that I hev bin watin for it——"

"And I hev watid for it!" yelled them all in korus.

"Gentlemen," sed Issaker Gavitt, "we hed better pass the postoffis, for ther seems to be sum question ez to to who shel fill that place, and pass to the seleckshun uv the candidate fur Collector of Customs."

This wuz agreed to and the ballots wuz prepared, votid and countid out. The result wuz eggsackly ez before: 237 votes cast, and each man in the house receevin one vote!

Issaker Gavitt remarkt that he coodent understand it; that he sposed the Dimocrisy uv the Corners wuz actooatid by patriotic motives in supportin the patriot Cleveland in his grate struggle for Reform, but diskivered the poseshun uv the Fedrel offises wuz the controllin motive. He felt a disgust wich he coodent find words to express.

Kernel McPelter sejestid that the posishen uv Collector uv Customs be passed, and a ballot be taken for the important posishen uv Collector uv Internal Revenoo, wich wuz done with this result: Votes cast 237, each man in the awjence resecvin jist one vote!

The fact became apparent that ther wuz a ded-lock, for no one man cood git a majority uv even one. Every Dimocrat in the Corners wantid a posishen, and not one penposed to miss a chance for any uv em.

I wuz amoosed at the rage uv Issaker and the Kernel, and they wondered at the cammis with wich I took the situoashen.

"Yoo are in the same box with us," they whispered hoarsely, "wat shel we do?"

I disdained to answer. I knew my strength. I simply pulled Bascom over to me and whispered in his ear:—"Wat them two owe yoo, yoo kin git, for yoo hev a mortgage onto ther lands. Wat I owe yoo is furever lost onless I git this place!"

Then Bascom riz and demandid that a vote fur the Post offis be taken over agin, "and," he continued, "I want it understood that my candidate is the Parson here."

A howl uv dissent went up from the entire awjence.

"Gentlemen," sed Bascom, in a very firm manner, "I beg to call your attenshun to one important fact. Ef ther is a man within sound uv my voice to whom the Parson is not in debt, I shood like to be interdoosed to him. Ef he ain't appinted wat is to happen to the Corners? We mite ez well hang our finanshel harp onto the willers. What he owes me is gone furever, and wat he owes everybody—"

"We don't keer wat he owes yoo!" yelled the egsscitid populis. "We hev rites—we hev ez much rite to the Post Offis ez he hez. We won't stand it!"

Bascom saw that the time hed come fur suthin decisive. He riz from his sect and glared onto that awjence with a glare that hed in it suthin feendish. They qwaled afore the litenin that shot from his ize.

"Yoo don't keer fur me, yoo don't! Yoo defy me, do yoo! We shel see. I give yoo notis now, that whoever opposes the appintment uv the Parson, need never cross my threshold agin! I cut him off from his likker, no matter ef he brings the money with him and lays it down on the counter. The Parson in the Post Offis or excommunicashen!"

It hed its effeck. With blanched faces and piteous ize they bowed ez one man and sed: "Anything but that! We withdraw our claim to that posishen!"

"I thought yoo wood," replied Bascom, wich is indeed a Napoleon. "I don't keer about the other places, but ez the Parson hez absorbed about all the surplus capitle uv the Corners in the twenty-four yeers he hez lived here, we must hev a show to git it back. Yoo kin fite over the other offices, but this is sakred to me."

I am well enuff fixed, but the greed and hungriness uv the Dimocrisy is disgustin. Labor is entirely suspendid. Every man in the Corners is out on the street with a petishn fur his own appintment to one uv the two remainin posishuns, and fites okkur every minit. Ez ther ain't but two places, and ez hal the Dimocrisy uv the Corners want one and tother half the other, ther is terrible diffrences uv opinyun. I don't know wat the thing will eend in.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.
(Saved by circumstances.)

P. S.—Issaker Gavitt and Kernel M'Pelter hav made a stroke. They hev jined forces. The Kernel is to be Collecter uv Revenoo, and Issaker is to be Depitty, the salary to be divided ekal, consekently the Kernel hez two names on his petishn.

2d P. S.—Deekin Pogram and Elder Pennibacker hev hitched teems, on the same basis. The Deekin is to be Collector uv Customs, and the Elder his Depitty, and they are also to divide the salaries. The Deekin hez consekently two names on his petishn.

3d P. S.—The rest of the Dimocrisy uv the Corners are goin to call a meetin pertestin agin this doublin up, to inflooence the President. They sware it ain't in akkordance with Civil Servis Reform.

4th P. S.—Joe Bigler hez dashed all our hopes and the Corners is in mournin. He comes to us with the statement that President Cleveland is goin to stick by the Civil Servis Rools, and that no offishls will be removed ceptin fur cez! 'Ceptin fur cez! Wat holler mockery! Ain't we, wich supported him goin to hev the places? Ain't we wich fot and bled (money) and went to Injeany and votid in the sakred cez of Reform, ain't we goin to be Postmasters and sich? Another meetin hez bin called for to-nite, sined by the 237 applicants for the three places to denounse President Cleveland's ackshen, ez undemocratic, unholy and out uv all precedent. They will be there and ef a stingin rebook don't go up from the Corners I am mistaken. We kin stand anything but this. We fought for Reform, and wat kind uv Reform is it that leaves a nigger in the Postoffis, when I owe Bascom for twenty-four yeers supplies, and Joe Bigler in the Collector's offis with Bascom holdin a mortgage on Issaker Gavitt's farm! That won't do, and President Cleveland must understand it. We mite ez well hev Blaine fur President.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A deep cave has been found to exist under the town of Blankston, Ia., by a farmer who was sinking an artesian well. Three unsuccessful attempts were made to sink the well, but each time the drill sank into the cave.——The British house of commons has rejected the compensation bill,

Correspondence.

UP PIKE'S PEAK.

The Long, Weary Climb Up the Canon, and the Rugged Flank of the Peak--Scenes and Incidents of the Day.

Special Correspondence of the Blade.

SEWARD, NEB., October 10, 1884.

Perhaps it would be interesting to many of your readers to accompany us up the rugged steeps of Pikes Peak. Up at six in the morning with feelings akin to the boy preparing to visit the first circus, fairly impatient for our breakfast and our ponies, that we might start up the mountain. Seven o'clock found our guide and our ponies' saddles being properly adjusted to our diners carefully tied up in our rubber coats and instructed to the rear of our cavalcade we mount for the journey with Manitou in the distance, the Cliff house, at Manitou, being some distance from where the serious ups and downs begin, we start out on a brisk trot. The first half mile lies along the valley of a little stream that comes down from the canon, rippling by the roadside. We pass until the first a mile the famous "iron spring," we take a sup, as we are sure we will need iron up yonder.

We are climbing now at the rate of from 400 to 500 feet to the mile. Our trail is very narrow, frequently there being just room to pass the jutting rocks. The eye can be spared but a moment from the trail to view the wonderful surroundings. All of a sudden our train is halted, and the word is passed back to us that a man and his pony have turned down the mountain. His eyes were on the ends of the earth, and he was speeding down among the rocks, now crashing against the trees, and with the assistance of the guide and others, he is rescued, and we learn that he is uninjured and able to proceed. On the left are vast overhanging cliffs, a thousand or more feet high, and so close to the trail that frequently we have to lean far over in our saddles to view a yawning abyss, up the side of which a girth or the stumbling of the pony would send the bridling down among the rocks a thousand feet.

The cañon is thickly set with beautiful pines and firs that reach far up the mountain sides. The shade of the lofty pines is dense. The waters leap from rock to rock, foaming, boiling, tumbling and thundering on and on their downward course, while here and there an immeasurable distance up the mountain after mountain continuously presents itself to view with all their vast and varied scenes. Some tipped with bright green, some and glowing with radiant splendor, while some capped with "faces veiled as if weeping," and an occasional glimpse of the great great beyond, where everlasting snow abounds.

On and on we climb, our trail frequently crossing and recrossing the little streamlet, and part of the time we are on the south side of the north mountain, and are dodging the rocks on our right and holding our breath in awful suspense as we pass the ugly chasms on our left. Here and there we get a view of the front of our train winding its way up the face of the opposite mountain.

About 50 are in the company. Some of the time we would move in breathless silence, all absorbed in viewing the wondrous works of God here presented. Then again a spontaneous cheer would break out all along the line, and reverberate from the rocks above to the chasm below with a quaint and wierd sound.

Six miles up the canon, and we reach "Dog and Maggy," two vast perpendicular rocks, one to the right the other to the left, about 40 rods apart, and rearing their heads a full thousand feet into the upper air, and facing each other. They look like very gods, with faces carved and chiseled by the elements into fantastic forms. At their base lay huge bowlders in promiscuous piles, that look as if they had been hurled with almighty force by these gods at war with each other. Now, these monsters stand grim visaged and motionless, staring at each other, apparently wondering what next to do.

Another mile, and the guide commanded a halt. We have reached a little plain where we can rest and let the ponies bait on the green grass. We dismount and ramble for a half hour. We receive instructions from the guide, who sees that our saddles are all right. The orders are, "go slow and easy for fair; there is serious business ahead. Five long miles yet, and then we now just at the foot of the mountain proper."

We have ridden our little stream good-bye, and are among the clouds. The timber becomes smaller as we rise. We are now on a level with the tops of all the lesser mountains, which look like vast green hay-stacks, except the patches and streaks where fires have killed the timber. Looking down, almost into the bottomless pit, we see a little vale, Moraine like. It looks to be about one by three rods in size. Our guide informs us that it is full three-quarters of a mile long and one-quarter wide, and that it is filled with splendid fish. Where did they come from? A company of railroad surveyors were compelled to its banks. Their tents resembled pull balls. They are still and surely wending their way up the mountain by zig-zags, and demonstrating the possibility of building a railway up these dizzy heights to the very top of this stupendous pile.

The timber line is finally reached, and we pass over vast fields of broken rocks that lie on the face of the mountain covering hundreds of acres. These rocks are small, and look as if some Jove had been pounding them to pieces, and then scattering the debris of having shaded from greater heights, all traces of vegetation, with no vestige of soil nor a living plant. Now we reach a spring where our faithful ponies refresh themselves and take new strength for the herculean task before them. Now we have a pile of green pasture, grass and flowers covering a large area, at an altitude of 11,000 feet. The sun shines out brightly and our road is free from obstacles, and we look around us at our ease, 9,000 feet lower than we stand for beneath 2,000 feet. The clouds are below us. The fields of sunshine with patches of storm vary the scene, as they hover the lower mountains.

Away down the slope on another trail we see a train of burros winding their way to the timber, resembling so many rats. Some of the trees are dwarfed. The full-fledged Nebraska sunflower is only one inch in height, tiny violets and blue bells the size of a pin head.

The height of 12,000 feet is attained and all vegetation disappears. Nothing is visible but the eternal rocks, all shattered and broken, with here and there a huge drift of snow. We sing out to an elderly comrade, "Let's be boys again," and we dismount for a snow-ball fight on the 26th of July. The ball flew thick and fast for a minute, and we were both willing to play quits. Our wind was short. A tortuous winding way led us through the great mass of broken rocks, onward and upward toward the sky. A dark cloud now envelopes us, and shuts us out from the great and beautiful world beneath. But "Excelsior" is our motto. Higher will we climb, and it is climbing, I imagine you. Much of the last 2,000 feet it is all the poor beasts can do to make any headway; but finally, after seven hours of the severest riding of my life, we reach the summit, nearly 14,000 feet above the sea level. As we dismount a strange sensation of weakness and dizziness nearly overcomes us. We are compelled to walk about 20 rods to the signal service station, and it was a serious question whether we would be able to make it. We succeeded, however, secured a cup of coffee, ate our lunch, rested a few minutes, and wrote a card to the dear ones at home, dated "U. S. signal station, Pike's Peak, Colorado."

With a field glass in hand, we now proceed to look out upon the world at large. The clouds have drifted away. Eight thousand feet below we see our little Manitou which appears a flock of sheep resting quietly in a little vale. Beyond is the Garden of the Gods, presenting a vast aggregation of red brick kilns. A little farther to the northward is Chimney rock, and the whole retinue of giants and pyramids, that stand ensconced at the entrance of Echo canon, sheltering the beautiful summer home.

Away to the south and southwest we look into New Mexico. The Spanish peaks, with a vast group of lesser peaks, appear. To the west we see the great range dividing Colorado and Utah, and to the north, Long's and Gray's peaks, with their snowy caps glistening in the clear sunlight. As the eye is wandering to the base of the range, we see the spires of Denver. To the northward is Greeley, and away, two hundred miles, is Cheyenne and Wyoming territory. To the eastward our vision leads us over the great plains far into Kansas and Nebraska. In viewing the plains we looked over vast fields of cloud to the land beyond. Within our sight were sections of sunshine, sections of storm, sections where "everlasting spring abides," and other sections of eternal snow. Vast forests, wide expanses of prairie, lofty mountains, beautiful valleys, deep solitudes, mighty rivers, great cascades and bustling cities. Six states and territories are in sight, and are viewed by our company from this lofty dome.

The apex comprises about thirty acres. It is perfectly flat, and covered with broken rocks, varying in size from that of an egg to a haycock, with not a vestige of soil nor a living plant. The animal life consists of a peculiar species of lizard, mountain rats (somewhat larger than our common rat), and a few birds, resembling our snowbird in all but their song. They have a very sharp chirp, unlike any other bird I have seen. Near the centre of the space is the tomb of a child that was destroyed by mountain rats in its bed while the parents (a Signal service officer and his wife) were asleep. This occurred in 1876.

The bugle sounds the note for our return. All is soon made ready, and the long train moves slowly down the narrow trail. The timber-line is barely reached when we are permitted to see the terrible grandeur of a thunder storm in the mountains. All nature seems in commotion. The artillery of heaven is belching forth its horrid notes. The livid lightning seems to be rending the rock-ribbed mountain all around. The mournful pines are swaying to and fro against the stormy sky; the great mountain is trembling to its very base; the flood-gates of heaven are opened, and while the soul is filled with terror, in our hearts we exclaim, "Oh, God! what are we, that thou art mindful of us!" But soon our hearts are made glad, for we see the bow of promise stretched across the brow of yon mountain. All its colors seem resplendent with glory, the clouds are quickly pass away, all is calm and serene, and our hearts are unutterably full of joy. We have seen manifested the wonderful power of our Creator in these great works of His hand, in this grand storm and this beautiful sunshine.

W. W. COX.

The East Tennessee Knobs--Another Letter From "L. L. G."

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

In reply to numerous inquiries permit me to state through the BLADE that this is probably as healthy a section of country as there is in the Union. The weather does not become very hot in summer, seldom reaching 100°, and the zero point is rarely reached in winter.

It is no where surpassed for water. Numerous clear, soft water springs gush from the mountains, and the air is balmy and tonving. Of course there are places of marsh and swamp land to have to be denuded so for a water supply, we can't all have springs.

This section offers superior inducements to men of moderate means to engage in fruit culture for which it seems specially adapted, while the railroad facilities for marketing are about as good as can be desired, for reaching northern and eastern cities. The numerous coal and iron industries furnish ready local markets for eggs, fowls and vegetables.

The river bottoms yield excellent crops of corn. The ridges between mountain and rivers are excellent fruit land, and ought to swarm with sheep, and would, only for the numerous worthless dogs. The sheep industry can no doubt be made profitable by a judicious use of strychnine. Hundreds of cattle range over the mountains from March till January. Grass grows well on it. It has been tried, but it has been cultivated very slightly. It is a marvelous thing that indolence has not made a much greater use of grass.

Taxes are very low, outside of the cities. William Morgan, of Dayton, an intelligent gentleman with whom I have spent considerable time and whose statements I consider worthy of all credit, informs me that the taxes on his farm of 143 acres used to be about $6 a year for all purposes. He has sold off until he now has 97 acres, and his total taxes now amount to about $4 a year; and his is more than an average farm in quality and location. One thousand dollars worth of personal property is exempt from taxation, so that people and those in moderate circumstances pay no personal tax. The extreme amount of tax levy cannot exceed $1 on $100 of valuation, and the valuation is placed very low. The law exempts from execution for debt a homestead to the value of $1,000, and more personal property than the majority of families possess. An excellent provision is made for the families of laboring men, in this: $50 in wages due for labor is exempt from garnishment or attachment of any kind. The mechanics' lien law is similar to the excellent lien law of Iowa.

Fruit lands are at present very cheap, and convenient to market facilities. Good titles can be had, but titles need looking after pretty closely. Here is grand mountain scenery, pure air, excellent water, good timber, good markets, cheap land and loyal inhabitants. I don't know where else a man of moderate means can go to find so many advantages. I have no land to sell. I am only interested in trying to benefit my fellow men, and getting some more Northern neighbors.

Persons coming here from a prairie country will hardly like it at first, it is so different—uneven, rough, hilly, mountainous, and but little soil that is not gravelly and stony, the stones and gravel generally of a flinty nature, but constitute the very best fruit land.

To the boys who wore the blue, seeking homes, I would say come South and examine the prospect. I came from Northern Iowa last winter. This summer I purchased 72 acres for $500. It has about 20 acres fenced in three fields with a good hewed log house, stable house and stable, a well 150 feet deep, about 250 apple and peach trees in bearing, a lot of plums and shrubbery. The balance of the farm is in timber—considerable pine, hickory, oak and chestnut.

I believe I have a better and a cheaper farm now than I could have had by going west or northwest, and taking up a homestead than I could have had on a homestead in five years. Besides, I am only two miles from market, a railroad station, coal mine, etc., and 18 miles from Chattanooga, the Pittsburg of the South.

There are other bargains to be had in the vicinity as cheap or cheaper than mine. I do not advise any one to pull up and come here with family and boys held goods until first locating or finding a place to move the goods into. You might not like it here at all. But should any one come, be sure and bring everything you can't sell for nine cents in value. If you sacrifice in any direction let it be in freight bills. And remember this one thing, so you won't be disappointed; this is the land of log houses, with stick chimneys, and no windows, and don't you forget it. Indolence can get along with far less comforts than Thrift and Industry, and can take more solid comfort doing it.

L. L. GOODWIN.

Daisy, Hamilton county, Tenn.

* * * * Premature decline of power in either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free. Book for three letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Mormon Question.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

Much has been said and written relative to the Mormons of Utah. The press of the country teems with articles suggesting measures for the suppression of polygamy. Congress has been legislating for years, trying to make and enforce laws that will settle the Mormon question. Yet in opposition to the combined power of the American press and Congress, the Mormons have been growing stronger, and the trouble in Utah is in a more unsatisfactory condition to-day than it was at the time Joseph Smith is said to have received his inspiration making polygamy (according to the Book of Mormon) a commandment from God. The United States government, boasting of its power at home and abroad, has allowed to grow up in our own domain a stronghold of polygamy, containing more concubines than any of which we read in Biblical history.

Senator Edmunds's bill is as inadequate to meet the evil as were the ninety days' men in suppressing the rebellion. Polygamy in Utah is not the evil of a day, neither can it be suppressed in a day. There can be no laws made and enforced changing the whole domestic life of a territory containing 50,000 people.

The remedy should be a compromise—one that would not interfere with the present homes and firesides; but make every future polygamous marriage an act of bigamy, and punishable according to existing laws. Encourage the building of Gentile churches, and stop the Mormon proselyting in our own country, and prevent as far as possible in foreign countries.

M.

The most reliable article in use for restoring gray hair to its original color, and promoting its growth, is Halls's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

LITERARY NOTES.

General Grant's paper on "Shiloh" will appear in the February number of the *Century*.

Mr. Crawford's new novel, "An American Politician," will be published Saturday next.

"Mein Rhein" is the title of the new book of poems which the Queen of Roumania is about to publish.

Two books which are used in the French schools for the learners of English are "Sanford and Merton" and Dickens's "Child's History of England."

The newly discovered Dickens material is not such a brilliant "find" after all. It is now said to be of too technical a character to be of much interest to the general public.

M. Sardou, when a student, was "so thin in appearance that it made one shiver to look at him." Nowadays he is fat, saucy and clad in purple.

James R. Osgood & Co. have recently issued the "History of the Andover Theological Seminary," by Rev. Leonard Woods, an exhaustive history of the foundation and progress of this great theological school.

—Hood's Sarsaparilla, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, and in this way positively cures catarrh.

A WESTERN POINT OF VIEW.

A Gentleman Thoroughly Competent to Speak, Gives His Opinion on Matters of Universal Importance.

During the past year over 3,000,000 acres have been entered in southern Dakota and 160 postoffices established; the daily newspapers have increased from 43 to 63, and weeklies from 169 to 243; emigration is pouring in at a rapid rate; a nation is being born in a day; and a short time only can elapse before two or three large States will grow out of this land of the Dakotas.

The Rev. Stewart Sheldon, of Yankton, Superintendent of Home Missions for Southern Dakota, a gentleman who has lived in the territory for the past 16 years, has traveled over it many times and is fully competent to give a trustworthy opinion, is very enthusiastic over Dakota's prospects. "Look at the area of the state," he exclaims, "160,000 square miles; enought to make over three New Englands, to make over 28 Connecticuts; to hold all the inhabitants of the world with only sixteen and a fraction to the acre; to put a belt around the globe six miles wide. In a single year 1,500 miles of railroad are built, and on a single farm 1,200,000 bushels of wheat were raised; its possibilities are almost boundless."

"How about the planting of churches?"

"It keeps pace with the needs of the people. In my own denomination about 50 organizations have been effected during the past year, and other religious bodies have probably done egally well."

"May I ask what originally brought you to this new country with its necessary hardships?"

"First, the pursuit of health; secondly, the great and growing field for religious influence. I am on the road most of the time. As you know it is not an easy task, and were it not for a circumstance which I believe saved my life, I should even now be compelled to forego the pleasure I find in being instrumental in an humble way of doing some little good."

"Would you be willing to publicly state your experience?"

"Yes, sir! If you care to publish the matter in your paper, for the good of the public, I will give you a written statement." And suiting the action to the word, the Superintendent immediately wrote out the following:

REV. D. B. COE, HON. SECRETARY.
REV. M. M. BARROWS, } SECRETARIES.
REV. S. B. CLARK, }
REV. A. H. CLAPP, TREASURER.
AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.

REV. STEWART SHELDON,
SUPERINTENDENT FOR DAKOTA.
YANKTON, DAKOTA, Sept. 26, 1884.

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that I have used Warner's SAFE Cure and SAFE Pills more or less for a year past, and I find them to be most excellent remedies. They seem to do the work where other medicines fail. I have reason to believe that they have saved my life, and it gives me pleasure to recommend them to others. For liver complaint, general debility and constipation, they have been a specific in my own case, as they have been to others to whom I have recommended them. It gives me pleasure to add my testimony to the many already given, in the hope that other afflicted as I have been, may experience like benefit.

REV. STEWART SHELDON.

Endorsement from such a source is but another proof of intrinsic merit, and we give this to our readers solely for the good they may derive from it, believing it worthy in its worth, and unqualifiedly endorsing the reverend gentleman, and the work in which he is engaged.

A Granger's Trip to Nashville.

NASHVILLE, TENN., Nov. 16, '84.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I promised my friend Waters to write you a few lines from Nashville, and as a Republican "cannot tell a lie," I will now redeem my promise, and you can publish or not as you think advisable. I came here to attend the session of the National Grange, and as that is an agricultural organization, it is proper first to refer to agricultural topics. No farmer living in Northwestern Ohio will be likely to leave that section to settle along the line of the Louisville & Nashville railroad, if he "looks before he leaps." Most of the soil is very thin and poor south of Bowling Green, Ky., and not to be compared with our splendid farms. The wants of the people must be very few, or they can certainly never be satisfied.

I do not intend, however, to occupy space on agricultural topics, as the result of the campaign seems just now to overshadow everything else. It was amusing to watch the people as they gathered about the newsboy for the daily. The white people generally bought the *Enquirer*, but the colored men always bought the *Commercial-Gazette* and then gathered in a group by themselves to see if they could find something cheering in its columns. Everything favorable to Blaine's election would expose to view numerous rows of ivory, and when unfavorable reports would bring a darker shade to their dusky faces. There is no denying the fact that the colored people of the South are very much alarmed for their future, and nothing but the lapse of time will thoroughly reassure them. Some of them have already reported to their old masters, preferring to be their slaves rather than take their chance under a new master. Of course their fear of being returned to slavery are groundless, but their belief in such a result is almost universal. The Grange is a non-partisan body, but most of the members take a lively interest in politics, and as nearly every state in the Union is represented, we can get a very good idea of the political situation in the country from the free interchange of views and facts related by the members. The Democratic members from the South do not deny the facts in regard to their laws, and the course pursued to prevent from negro majorities. Where the blacks are in the majority, some means is invariably used to prevent them from controlling the election of officers. In South Carolina they have a separate ballot box for each candidate, and no one except the board is allowed within 100 feet of the polling place. And a man who cannot read, cannot tell which ticket to deposit in the different boxes. This makes it impossible for the negroes to avail themselves of the right of suffrage. They are also required to have a registration certificate, which (if the negro is suspected of being a Republican) is taken up by the inspector at the first box, and when he gets to the second box his certificate is gone and his power to reduce the Democratic majority also gone. In none of the other states the "sleeping ballot box" is used. One case, to which the gentleman (who by the way is a Cleveland Democrat) who gave me the information was an eye witness, was managed in this way. If the election found two members were Democrats, one was a colored Republican, who was a lawyer and decided to see that a fair play. Everything went along smoothly until supper time when the board adjourned for supper before commencing the count. The Democratic white judges were invited to go to the house of a friend, but no invitation was extended to the colored brother, so the box was locked, and the colored man took the key and the others the box. When they sat down to supper the box was placed behind them on the table and shortly after some men came in and deposited a duplicate box and removed the other. When the box was opened and the count commenced, the colored judge looked anxiously for the Republican tickets, which he knew had been deposited, but looked in vain and fairly cried over his disappointment. He said "I know the box has not been opened, because I had the key, and I know that Republican votes were cast, but 'whar' are they?" I was told that this was a very common thing. Where this plan could not be worked successfully, others were introduced that would accomplish the object. These men do not deny the fact, but say they "cannot submit to negro rule," and that the negro will vote the Republican ticket; so their only way is to adopt some plan whereby this vote shall not be counted. Of course no such means are necessary where the negroes are not in the majority. There is no use in denying the fact in many sections of the South the elections are a perfect farce, and do not reflect the political views of the majority, and any man who denies this fact does it ignorantly or dishonestly.

Last night the Democracy assembled from far and wide to celebrate "our glorious victory." The display was very good and satisfied those connected with it. There was no disorder, but every Democrat, old and young, seemed to feel very jolly. I do not think the Southern Bourbon Democrat could have felt any better if we had surrendered to them at Appomattox than they feel over the election of Cleveland. I think some good will grow out of the result of this election. These people will now feel that this is "our country," which many of them had never done since the war, and they will again begin to love the old flag, which was profusely shown yesterday, and by many who were trying to trail it in the dust a few years ago. This, I think, must be the silvery lining to the cloud which now overshadows our country.

If the Republican party will now draw near to the people and give them satisfactory assurances that they shall be protected from the abuse of monopolies and the poweful corporations created under Republican as well as Democratic legislation, they may reasonably expect a return to power, but if the party shall fail to do this it will be permanently retired, as the members of this party do not, like our Democratic brethren, worship a name. They must have something tangible to fight for and then they will fight to win.

J. H. BRIGHAM.

Letter Writing Extraordinary.

Mrs. Blinker asked Matilda, the house servant, a few nights ago:

"What dreadful scratching is that out in the kitchen? It must be the dog trying to get in. I never heard anything like it in my life."

"Dat's no dog scratching the doah. Dat's de cook writin' a lub letter to her honeysuckle, who works ober de ribber."

VIRGINIA HOMES in the noted PIEDMONT REGION and beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Farms for sale in behalf of Washington City, Cata. logue free. Address W. P. Hilleay & Son, Warrenton, Fauquier Co., Va.

L. S. L.
CAPITAL PRIZE, - - $150,000.
"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

UNPREGEDENTED ATTRACTION!
Over Half a Million Distributed.
LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY CO.
Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes—with a capital of $1,000,000—to which a reserve fund of over $550,000 has since been added.
By an overwhelming popular vote its franchise was made a part of the present State Constitution adopted December 2d, A. D. 1879.
Its Grand Single Number Drawings will take place monthly.
It never scales or postpones.
LOOK AT THE FOLLOWING DISTRIBUTION:
175th Grand Monthly
AND THE
Extraordinary Semi-Annual Drawing
In the Academy of Music, New Orleans,
Tuesday, December 16, 1884.
Under the personal supervision and management of
GEN. G. T. BEAUREGARD, of Louisiana, and
GEN. JUBAL A. EARLY, of Virginia.
Capital Prize, $150,000.
Tickets are Ten Dollars only. Halves, $5. Fifths, $2. Tenths, $1.
LIST OF PRIZES.

1 CAPITAL PRIZE OF	$150,000	$150,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	50,000	50,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000	20,000
1 GRAND PRIZE OF	10,000	10,000
2 LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000	10,000
5 LARGE PRIZES OF	1,000	5,000
20 PRIZES OF	500	10,000
50 "	300	15,000
100 "	200	20,000
200 "	100	20,000
600 "	50	30,000
1,000 "	20	20,000
100 Approximation Prizes of	$300	$ 30,000
100 "	200	20,000
100 "	75	7,500
2,879 Prizes, amounting to		$422,500

Application for rates to clubs should be made only to the office of the Company in New Orleans.
For further information write clearly, giving full address, POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (all sums of $5 and upwards at our expense) addressed
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607 Seventh St., Washington, D. C.
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NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY
for tickets or further information of the above
DAVE C. JOHNSTON, Covington, Ky.
Amounts of $5 and over, by express at my expense.

FREE HOLIDAY PACKAGE.
To introduce our goods and secure future trade, we will send you (free of Charge) if you will send 70 cents in stamps for postage, etc., 5 pretty Christmas Cards, 5 nice New Year Cards, 5 lovely Birthday Cards, a beautiful Gilt Bound Floral Autograph Album illustrated with birds, flowers, ferns, etc., a handsome Photographic Album of all the Presidents of the United States with autograph signature of each, also, Our New Illustrated Holiday Book U. S. MANUFACTURING CO., Hartford, Conn.

$50,000.00
THE
GREAT HOLIDAY BIBLE COMPETITION.
NUMBER 18.

TRUTH The leading domestic weekly magazine of Canada (28 large pages). Instead of giving large sums of money and valuable articles in the way of Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Silver Tea Sets, Gold and Silver Watches, &c., &c., to agents, are giving all these things direct to subscribers for answering Bible questions in the following manner to the twenty four hundred persons who correctly answer the two following

BIBLE QUESTIONS:

1. Is husband mentioned in the Bible?
2. Is wife mentioned in the Bible?

Will be given in the order mentioned, the following Consolation Rewards:

FIRST REWARDS. First great reward will be given the sender of the first correct answer to the foregoing Bible questions, $1,000 in gold.

2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos..... 1,650

5, 6 and 7. Three fine toned 10 stop Cabinet Organs..... 750

8 to 15. Eight Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 800

16 to 28. Thirteen Ladies' Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 1,170

29 to 40. Twelve best Solid Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Sets, six pieces..... 780

41 to 70. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Coin Silver Hunting-Case Watches..... 900

71 to 100. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Aluminum Gold Watches..... 600

101 to 135. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, new and elegant pattern..... 930

136 to 235. One hundred and seventy dozen sets of heavy Solid Silver Plated Teaspoons..... 850

236 to 276. Two hundred and four elegantly bound volumes of Shakespeare's Poems..... 336

277 to 315. Two hundred and six fine Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives..... 510

All these seven hundred and fifteen rewards will be given out strictly in the order the correct answers to these Bible questions are received at this office. The first correct answer taking number one ($1,000 in gold), the second correct answer number two (one of the pianos), and so on till they are all given away.

Then after this list will follow the Middle Rewards, which will be given in this way: At the conclusion of Consolation Friday, 19th all the answers received will be carefully counted by three disinterested parties, when to the sender of the middle correct answer will be given number one, a fine stylish trotting horse and carriage. The next correct answer following the middle one will be given number two, and so on until the next correct answer, number three, and so on till all these middle rewards are given away. Here you have the list in full:

MIDDLE REWARDS. Number one, a fine stylish Trotting Horse and Carriage..... $1,000

2, 3, 4 and 5. Four Square Grand Pianos by Baker..... 2,200

6, 7, 8 and 9. Four fine toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker..... 1,000

10 to 20. Twenty Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 1,100

21 to 30. Ten Ladies' fine Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 1,000

31 to 50. Twenty Solid Quadruple Silver-Plated Tea Services..... 1,440

51 to 70. Thirty Doubled Barrel English Twist Breech Loading Shot Guns..... 2,700

71 to 134. Forty sets (40 vols. to set) complete Encyclopaedia Britannica..... 2,000

111 to 134. Twenty-three Gentlemen's Solid Coin Silver Htg. Case or Open Face Watches..... 690

135 to 161. Twenty-seven Solid Aluminum Gold Htg. Case Watches..... 540

163 to 262. One hundred and eighty-eight dozen sets of heavy Silver-Plated Teaspoons..... 997

351 to 451. Three hundred and fifty Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, newest design..... 1,050

601 to 940. Three hundred and fifty-six copies of Milton's or Tennyson's Poems..... 585

941 to 1254. Three hundred and fourteen Solid Silver-Plated Sugar Spoons or Butter Knives..... 314

After filling the Consolation Rewards for the last comers. So, even if you live almost on the other side of the world you can compete as it is the first correct answers that are received at TRUTH office that take those rewards. The plan is this: Your letter must be postmarked where mailed not later than the closing day of One reference or answer to each question will suffice.

The valuable and costly list of First, Middle and Consolation Rewards:

FIRST REWARDS.

1, 2 and 3. Three elegant Rosewood Square Grand Pianos..... $1,540

4, 5, 6 and 7. Four Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 800

8, 9, 10 and 11. Four Ladies' Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 400

12 to 17. Six Solid Quadruple Silver-Plate Tea Services..... 840

18 to 20. Three Gentlemen's Encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set)..... 300

20 to 29. Ten Solid Coin Silver Hunting-Case Open-Face Watches..... 900

30 to 99. Fifty-one Aluminum Gold Hunting-Case Watches..... 1,000

91 to 121. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Silver-Plate Cake Baskets, elegant design.

122 to 200. Eighty-nine dozen Solid Silver-Plated Tea Spoons..... 445

201 to 400. Two hundred volumes Tennyson's Poems, elegantly bound..... 450

This finishes the large and most elegant list of rewards ever offered by any publisher in the world. It will positively be the last unless the success of this competition far exceed the preceding ones, as I certainly cannot afford to continue them. I have now kept faith with my subscribers, and will continue in conducting these Bible competitions for a year, as promised, and this great one, offering this immense list of rewards, will be a fitting close to the affair. Bear in mind every one competing must send one dollar with their answer, for which TRUTH will the cheapest and best paper for the money in Canada for three months. You therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, as one dollar is the regular subscription price of TRUTH for a half year. You cannot fail to be well pleased with your dollar investment, even if you do not succeed in securing one of the prizes or rewards, as TRUTH is extra good value for the money, as thousands of our subscribers have testified. Long lists of winners in previous competitions appear in nearly every issue of TRUTH, and full lists of winners in this extraordinary competition will be published in the TRUTH immediately after the close of the competition on fifteenth February, with the full name, street and number, and post office address of all the successful competitors, so that all may be satisfied that there is no fraud or humbug in this affair. In order to prevent fraud, the proprietor of TRUTH reserves the right to deny any person or persons the privilege of competing for these rewards. We have always done exactly as promised during this year, in conducting these competitions, and our reputation for fair and honorable dealing is too well established now to risk overthrowing it. Look up these questions, and you will find the answers in the Bible. Then send your answers, together with one dollar for a three months' subscription to TRUTH, and you will receive TRUTH regularly for three months, and be in the race for this great competition, which is February fifteenth, fifteen days allowed after date of closing for letters to reach us from distaant places), so the more correct answers you send the better opportunity for securing one of these elegant and costly

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1, 2 and 3. Three elegant Rosewood Square Grand Pianos..... $1,540

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12 to 17. Six Solid Quadruple Silver-Plate Tea Services	840
18 to 20. Three Gentlemen's Encyclopaedia (10 vols. to set)	300
20 to 29. Ten Solid Coin Silver Hunting-Case Open-Face Watches	900
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CONSO

The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

WOMAN'S WORK.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

Strange as it may seem and doubly so when the present condition of the working women in France is considered, a strong movement for the advancement of the general condition of woman began in that country earlier than in any other. It was on the eve of the French Revolution—that terrible overturning of an existing order of things, when the streets of Paris ran with blood—that it became active, and all through those years of chaos, the effect of which was to push the whole civilized world forward in true progress, the influence of this new flow was felt, and in the most marked manner in all the large cities of France. Born in the brain of some of the most liberal-minded and broadly cultured men and women who saw that as a class woman was degraded, and her influence counting for little or nothing in her state of subordination, it was brought before the people in those troublous times, and roused even the lowest classes to a realization of the fact that the world was made for women as well as for men, and that they should be placed upon a nearer quality in every walk of life. At that time there existed everywhere in France what were called *jurandes*, which were bodies of men appointed by the trade corporations to make the laws and regulations governing each one, and these were as immutable as those of the Medes and Persians. To show the tyranny of their control, and how it was exercised over women, the latter could not acquire and exercise the trade of millinery, unless married. They might possibly borrow or buy the use of the name of a man and thus obtain the privilege, if single, but not otherwise. This state of things existed until 1776, when the *jurandes* were abolished, but until that time millinery, as well as many other trades now the property of both sexes, belonged exclusively to men.

Those of you who are familiar with the story of the French Revolution know what a prominent part the working women of Paris took in the terrible scenes enacted in Paris. Their degradation is shown by their brutality, which was worse than that of men. One who has read Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities" can never forget the picture, so wonderfully painted, of Madame Defarge, who sat in her husband's shop, knitting in hand, counting the stitches upon her needles in the intervals of guiding and controlling some of the most cruel movements of that terrible and desperate season. But another thing is also made evident; the entering into the brains of both man and woman that the latter possessed a power which was struggling for emancipation and equality, and though, like many another precursor of great changes, its outcome was then in many ways monstrous and revolting like the Revolution itself, yet like that, also, it was the promise of better things. There were women, educated and enlightened, who were alert and vigorous in their advocacy of woman's right to a different status, and who asserted this right by taking their part in the great changes wrought by that momentous struggle.

Unfortunately, however, when their help was no longer needed, the men who had so encouraged them, generally deserted the cause. They no longer prompted them to form clubs to work for the advancement of the sex, but rather forced their abolishment. Then when Napoleon came into power and his code of laws was passed, the check was complete. What it would be may be judged by his oft quoted remark; "A husband ought to have absolute control over the actions of his wife; he has the right to say to her: Madam you shall not go out; madam you shall not go to the theater; madam you shall not see such and such person." Animated by a spirit like this, and it may well be imagined how little chance there would be for any improvement in the condition of women.

It was not until 1830 that any other movement was made in this direction, and then the socialist societies and newspapers took it up, as well as individual women who had heart and brains enlisted in the work. They fought for civil and political equality with men, equality in opportunities for education, and equality in the matter of work and wages. Interest deepened and it seemed as if a step forward was to be made, and when the Empire gave place to the Second Republic, the hopes of those who promoted the cause were bright but they were destined to disappointment through its early years. Just as the movement was again gaining vigor the Republic fell and the Second Empire had its birth, and another check came to the advancement of the women of France.

Now, under the third Republic the question has come strongly to the surface again and will not be put down. The doors have been opened to women in literature, in the arts and professions, and in many positions they are as well paid as the men. Laws for the improvement of their condition have been made, schools and colleges for their higher education opened, and the prejudice against women entering various avocations which they have not hitherto occupied is fast wearing away.

While this is true and a matter of rejoicing for women everywhere, those engaged in shops, the workers in textile industries, are still miserably underpaid. They leave their homes to add to the earnings of their husbands, or to support themselves and often those dependent upon them, depriving their children of motherly care and training, and laboring all day long, and for what? The average daily wages of a working woman in France, as shown by the statistics of 1882, is in Paris 54 cents a day, and in the capitals of the Departments 33 cents, and this without board, remember. It is true that the purchasing power of that sum is a little greater than in the United States, but it is not nearly enough to to make up the difference for the wages obtained for the same work. Then think what misery and want sickness or a stoppage of work for any cause must entail upon these poor creatures.

One thing must be remembered. Whatever we may think of socialism as a whole, in France it has been always friendly to women. Congresses of workingmen with a liberality and sense of justice that might well be emulated in other countries, have passed resolutions in favor of giving women the same pay as men for the same work, and often demanded for them political equality.

I should like to tell you about an institution that is the outcome of liberal thought in one man—the Social Palace at Guise—but time will not permit. Perhaps farther on I shall be able to do so, and you will be interested in reading of the only institution in the world where women are treated as the absolute equals of men in all of the affairs of life.

I have dwelt so long upon the condition of women in France because there has been so many curious and interesting phases in the progress they have thus far made in civil, political and industrial equality with husbands, fathers, sons and neighbors.

The liberal ideas with regard to education, etc., which have gained ground so rapidly in Italy during the past few years have not left the woman question untouched. Italian women are aroused, and are demanding a practical education for their girls, which shall enable them to enter into the arena of labor, and compete successfully with their brothers who are already there. Much is to be done yet to lift the workingmen of the country out of the degradation and misery into which he has sunk, a degradation and misery which is increased for the woman in the exact ratio of the inequality imposed by him upon her.

In Belgium the condition of the working-women in the lower walks of life, is even worse than in France. Family life is absolutely unknown, and both mothers and children, as soon as the latter are old enough, are engaged from morning till night in the severest labor, for which they receive the merest pittance. Ignorant and miserable, the young girl in the factories and mines has no thought or power to resist vice, and the consequence is loathsome degradation from her earliest years. Away from the great industrial centers, women and girls toil at lace-making until eyesight and health fail, and for this, too, the pay is not enough to give them decent food. This kind of industry, however, will soon be confined almost entirely to the convents, and a good thing it is that the change is promised.

Coming a little higher up and the condition of women in the field of labor is better, but yet they are poorly paid, and most of the trades and professions are monopolized by men. Public sentiment has, however, been aroused by the example of other countries, and some of the barriers to the employment of women in lucrative situations have been removed by the Government.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Mantel Mats.—Materials: Two pieces of peacock blue felt, each 18 by 21 ins. Two bands of crimson plush 18 ins. long and 6 ins. wide. One doz. tassels, either gold or mixed silk, and worsted or fancy pendants. Two applique figures.

Fink three sides of each of the felt pieces, leaving the fourth straight. On this sew the plush bands, putting them on with gold cord over the seam. Slash these bands up and turn in the sides so as to make four points with a half one on each edge. These are to be finished with the tassels or pendants. Put the applique figure on the felt just above the plush. These figures must be of a size to correspond with the width of the felt that droops over the edge of the mantel. Of course the size of the mats may be varied to correspond with the width of the mantel piece.

These mats take the place of lambrequins, and have the advantage of being readily transferred without refitting.

Opera Bag.—These are most convenient articles, which it is now the fashion to carry to concerts, the opera or theater on the arm, made just large enough to hold the opera glass, handkerchief, house key, etc. Get a piece of black or dark colored satin 20 ins. long and 10 ins. wide, and another of gold colored silk the same size. Upon the dark satin after folding it in the middle so as to leave two sides 10 ins. square, embroider a monogram or initial in old gold. Sew up the bag, finish around the three sides with old gold silk cord, run old gold ribbon for strings in a shirr which has been made two ins from the upper edge; trim that edge with either white or black edging, and you have a most dainty addition to the wardrobe for the purpose it is designed for.

How to Make Cigar Box Brackets.—Take a common-sized cigar box, and tack, firmly, a narrow piece of drilling or siesia across the back edge of the lid, then open the lid and tack or sew the other edge of the cloth to the back side of the box. Now you will have the cover arranged in an upright position. Make a small hole in the top with a drill, by which to hang it on the wall. Mark out and saw the back with a bracket saw, in some fanciful pattern, or simply round off the corner, or scallop the edges of the lid. Line the inside of the box with scarlet or white, or Turkey red calico, or some bright-colored cloth. Then cut a curtain or lambrequin, a little wider than the depth of the box, and long enough to entirely cover the front and ends, but give a little extra measure to let the material fall back well. Fit a piece of the same cloth as the lambrequin—dark felt or broadcloth to the front of the open lid, and embroider or point it with a cluster or vine of flowers. Embroider the front of the lambrequin in the same style, and either pink out the edges of it in fine scallops, or button-hole them, and finish with a fringe and small tassels interspersed over it. Tack the lambrequin to the upper edge of the box, arranging the nails underneath the cloth so that it will fall back and conceal them. Then place the ends tightly around the box, and nail them there. Glue the back cover in place and fasten the edges with small tacks. Paste dark cambric over the back and let it run under and cover the bottom. Finish the edges with a cord of chenille and gilt, or a quilling of satin ribbon.—N. E. H.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and ti, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; o, bind; o, over; sl, slip.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; sl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o e st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, shell crochet.

Mittens, Knitting, Etc.—Directions for knitting the alternate stripes of shell and twisted or rope stitch in mittens. Cast on 9 stitches for each shell and seam, and 6 stitches for rope, 15 in all. Shell stripe—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 1—p 2; 2nd row—k 2, lift first stitch over second, k 1—p 2, lift over row—k 7—lift eighth stitch over ninth—k 2—n—p 2; 4th row—k 2—n—(by lifting one stitch over other)—k 5—n—p 2. Repeat each row to end of third needle excepting 6 stitches between each for rope. Rope stitch; lift 3 stitches off on hairpin, knit 3 plain, then—k 3—off of hairpin. Repeat this every 6th round.—ELLA.

Oak Leaf.—Cast on 16 stitches (this is enough to show the design or pattern); for mittens or stockings throw on as many as required. 1st row—p 2—sl 1—k 1—throw sl 1 over k 1—k 7—p 2—t t o—k 1—t t o—p 2. 2d row—p 2—sl 1—k 1—throw sl 1 over k 1—k o—p 2—k 3 plain—p 2. 3d row—p 2—sl 1—k 1—throw sl 1 over k 1—k 5—p 2—k 1—t t o—k 1—t t o—k 1—p 2. 4th row—p 2—sl 1—k 1—throw sl 1 over k 1—k 4—p 2—k 5 plain—p 2. 5th row—p 2—sl 1—k 2—throw sl 1 over k 1—k 3—p 2—k 2—t t o—k 1—t t o—k 2—p 2. 6th row—p 2—sl 1—k 1—throw sl 1 over k 1—k 2—p 2—k 7 plain—p 2. 7th row—p 2—sl 1—k 1—throw sl 1 over k 1—k 1—p 2—k 3—t t o—k 1—t t o—k 3—p 2. 8th row—p 2—sl 1—k 1—throw sl 1 over k 1—p 2—k 9 plain—p 2. One leaf is begun as another is being finished. Begin each time with the first row.—ESTELLA DOANE.

WORSTED HOOD.

Having seen "Jennie Lind's" request for directions for making a hood, I will give my way. Take rather fine Germantown or very nice home-made yarn. Crochet in any plain stitch a cap that will fit the head perfectly when drawn down to the nape of the neck; then leave a place for the back of about 3 inches and turn and go back and forth until you have crocheted about 1½ inches; then go entirely around it once and you have the foundation. Now take Saxony, Shetland or what is called frosted yarn, and commence at the right hand corner, holding the top of the hood toward you, put your needle through the 1st stitch, draw the thread through, make 3 chs, catch into the 3d stitch on the edge of the hood, then make 3 chs and catch into 4th stitch, and so on down to the other corner, making 3 chs, and catching into every 3d stitch. Now turn your work and make 2 dcs into the space made last, then 3 chs, then 2 dcs into the same space, then 2 dcs into the next space then 5 chs, then 2 chs. into the same space and so on until you reach the corner started from, then turn and go across in the same way and continue this until you have a netting that entirely covers the body of your hood.

For the border, make a zigzag or rail fence pattern of dc. about 2 ins. deep and open about ¾ of an inch at the edge, catching quite through the foundation. To hold it firmly after you get around the first time go over it and crochet upon it another row in dc., then go over it and make 5 chs., and catch into every stitch. Go around two or three times this way and you have a very handsome border. Now make a bow of ribbon with five or six long loops and two ends, and place directly on top just back of the border. Have ties of the ribbon and your hood is finished. It will require about one skein of the Germantown and one and one-half skeins of the other yarn. I would very much like the pattern for hat mark, with the letters W. J. B., and will gladly return her the postage, and do her any favor I am able.—MRS. FLORA E. BRADT, North Hannibal, N. Y.

Christmas time is coming and all who want to make pretty things will do well to send 25 cents for "Fancy Work and House Decoration" to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O.

Correspondence.

AN OLD TEACHER'S WORDS.—Having been a teacher for 27 years, there can be nothing written on that subject but would interest me. To the teachers I would say yours is a grand and noble work, not exceeded in its far-reaching influence for good by the clergymen of our land. Yours it is to watch the harvesters glean their golden sheaves in the radiant summer of happy childhood. Doubt not for a moment the sanctity of your calling. But through the daily vexations and unavoidable obstacles in your path press forward, with the best assurance of final success, for He who has said cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return to thee after many days, is amply able to reward thee in full for all thy labor of love.

To the lady who wished to remove stains of iron rust, I would give my plan. Gather ripe tomatos, throw them in a brass kettle, add a small quantity of water, press the tomatos with the hands to extract the liquid, then put in the goods and boil two hours, then take out and wash and boil in the usual manner. This process not only removes every vestige of iron rust, but bleaches the cloth beautifully.

I will sometime tell the sisters how I make light bread. It is a different plan from any I have ever seen recommended in the BLADE.—AMICUS LABORIS, Half Rock, Mo.

HOMES AND CHARITY.—I think we cannot say too much in the HOUSEHOLD about homes and home life. It is a subject that instantly reaches the warm corner in every heart. And now the cold, frosty days and long evenings are coming, we who live in the country at least, turn with renewed interest to the duties and pleasures of home. And while we are enjoying the warmth and comfort of our own fireside, let us turn our thoughts and interests upon the many, the wretched many in our land, who will pass the coming winter bereft of home and all its sweet and holy influences. And while we hope and pray, let us also do, each one of us, our little, or our bountiful, according as the Lord has blessed us, towards alleviating the miseries of the Lord's poor. We have not long here to stay at best; and, methinks, it will lessen the bitterness of death if we can look back upon efforts, even though they be feeble ones, of "doing unto others as we would be done by."

The rich man, out of his plenty, will be none the poorer at the end—nay, richer by far in spiritual gifts, which "neither moth nor rust can decay," for holding out to a needy brother "help in due season." The poor man, out of his poverty, will be none the poorer for sharing with the afflicted, even his last loaf. This is a selfish age. When I look back upon the history of the world I find that, with all their faults, our forefathers were as a rule large hearted, generous, hospitable. The poor were allowed to "eat, drink and be merry" together with their lords and masters. The land resounded with feasting and song, even among the lowliest. Cruel, barbarous pilgrimers and robbers though they were, one fact remains in their favor—no man would withhold from another needed assistance. But to-day we have refined(?) civilization, which is prone to draw away its skirts from contact with poverty, which turns in scorn from a poorer brother, be he never so worthy in all other respects. Nay, we have rather a shoddy civilization, whose only passport into the "charmed circle" is the "gold cash, sir!"

The faces of our "upper tendum" represent just so many dollars and cents—and if they do condescend to reach out a helping hand to one of the despised "poor trash" it is with curling lip of scorn, and with scarce pity, and scarcer humanity, though they never fail to embazon the report in newspapers, and by word of mouth, that their names may be enrolled upon the list of "charitable people." Then again, they are careful to put their charities where they will make the biggest show. Fine churches, schools, hospitals, etc., tho' very good in their way, often fail to reach the needs of the people. The modern church, especially, is a fashion and a farce, and in everything but name. That may be a sweeping assertion, but it is nevertheless true. The fact is, the family altar, and the christian home life and example—found here and there, a scattered few among the people, is about all we have left of genuine Christian worship. The church, being of the world, is decidedly worldly, it has gone over to the world almost to a man. Let us bring it to our knees before God, there at last, pure and true and restful, that society may not become entirely corrupt.—MRS. M. IDA SMITH, W. Hallock, Ill.

We do not agree with our friend in her estimate of humanity to-day. There is just as much real goodness in the world as there ever was and more, and statistics show that more is done to benefit the needy in the right direction each year that passes. Faults and follies are plenty, but that advancing civilization makes the world less kind and charitable we cannot believe. Nor do we think it well to look on the dark side, but as she well says do all we can to lighten the burdens, and diminish the sufferings of the unfortunate who come in our way.—ED.

Correspondence Clippings.

I do so sympathize with the members of the "Shut-in Society." How sad it must be, like Miss Sarah A. Stanton, Oswelo, N. Y., to wish and long, through all the weary years of her sickness, to possess a comfortable chair, and yet be unable to obtain it. How slowly the means are accumulating to purchase that chair, if 'tis by her own efforts only that she expects to obtain it. Fifty dolla s are not saved very soon from the sale of fancy work, and that is about what they cost, for that was the price of mother's. She was shut in for five years, but for the most ten has been better, and less frequently uses her chair. I think we all could help Miss Stanton if she will accept it. What say you, sisters? We shall be none the worse off, but happier to know that we, perhaps, have made the life more pleasant of one that is shut in.—LILY OF THE VALLEY.

As I saw a request in my last BLADE for a letter from some lady on Puget Sound, I thought I would answer it. I live on Puget Sound, on a beautiful bay about 7½ miles west of Seattle. The bay is called Eagle Harbor bay. It is very healthy here. I have never heard of kidney dis ase except in one case. This is such a fine climate that it cannot help but be healthy. The price of butter is 30 cents per pound, eggs 35 cents per dozen.—MRS. HELEN REEVE.

I think I promised sometime ago to tell how our teacher conducted her school during eating hours, or rather, while eating dinner. She had all lay books aside. Calling their attention particularly to a quiet move of the same then one at a time got their basket of dinner until the entire school were comfortably seated as before, then orders were given for all to prepare their dinner and eat all they wanted before leaving their seat, thus enabling a school to eat without evacuating all the filth that accumulates within a mile of the house. How many do this?—SUBSCRIBER.

Inquiries.

If it is not too long or too much trouble, will the editor be kind enough to tell us how to make those barrel chairs, for the benefit of the new subscribers?

2. Will the editor or some one else tell us if a wire or metallic brush is as good, or superior to a bristle brush, and why?

3 Where can bright colored papers be got as spoken of by the editor.—N. E. H.

1. The description of the barrel chair will be repeated in a week or two for the benefit of new subscribers, as requested.

2. We do not believe the metallic brush as good for the hair as a first-class bristle brush, for the simple reason that it breaks it off terribly unless the greatest care is used, and even then it can not be avoided entirely.

3. They can be purchased at a book store —ED.

Please tell me through the HOUSEHOLD if wedding cards, (not invitation cards,) but such as one likes to have printed to send to distant friends after the ceremony, should be ordered and paid for by the bride's parents or the bridegroom? And upon which finger is the wedding ring worn?—DOT.

They are provided by the parents of the bride.

The wedding ring is worn upon the third finger of the left hand.—ED.

Will some kind sister of the HOUSEHOLD send plain directions at once for knitting fancy mittens for children of about 12 years of age? Also for crotcheted hoods.—MOTHER.

Both are to be found under "Fancy Work."—ED.

Will some of your kind readers let me know through the BLADE if there is any thing that will remove molos from the face?—B.

If any reader of the HOUSEHOLD knows of a good girl, or middle-aged lady, that wants a permanent home in a small family in the country, and be treated as one of the family, please tell them to address me, and perhaps I can tell them something to their advantage.—BELLE C. LARSH, Southport, Ind.

Will some one please give directions for knitting a boy's cap.—AN ATIENTIVE READER.

I have a set of irons, Mrs. Potts's patent. The plating has most worn off. Can anyone tell me how to replace them?—J. R. S.

Can any one tell me soon if it would do to have a surprise party on Saturday evening if the birthday of the one it would be given for would come on Sunday?—LITTLE JUPITER.

While we are asking Bible questions can some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD tell me what verse in the alphabet contains all the letters of the alphabet except one, and what is that one?—MYRTLE A. LINMAN, Elsie, Clinton Co., Mich.

1. Give the address of the Secretary of the Chautauqua Club. 2. What does it cost to join the club? 3. What does it cost for books per year? 4. How many hours of study per day? 5. How many years completes the course? 6. Of the members of the HOUSEHOLD I should like to ask if there are any of the lady members of the HOUSEHOLD just commencing the course of study will they send their name to me, if they would be willing to correspond with me? There are no members in this community and I should like to talk it over from time to time.—MRS. MARCY MCINTOSH, West Lebanon, Ind.

The person to whom you had better write for information and who will answer your questions in full is Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J.—ED.

I would say to "Missionary Girl" a good way for a sociable is for each lady to take a basket with plenty of luncheon for two, with the lady's name in her own basket, and put up for sale at a certain price, say 35 cents, or bid them off to the highest bidder. Of course no one knows whose basket he is buying, and it is lots of fun.—IOLA.

A member of the HOUSEHOLD writes that she has a set of black hair cloth furniture, not worn at all, but it looks so homely that she wants to get rid of it, and yet she cannot afford new. What can she do with it?

That is easily answered. Get some of the pretty furniture covering that comes two yards wide, and costs $1.50 to $2.50 a yard. Or purchase bright figured French cretonne that comes for such purposes, and is heavy, wears well and costs still less. By a little measuring you can calculate just how much it will take to cover the furniture. Then get enough narrow binding, that comes at five cents a yard, to cover the edges, and brass headed nails, that cost but 25 cents a hundred, and go to work yourself and cover them. The sofa may be a stumbling block, but by putting on bright tidies, gay sofa cushions, and having a pretty sofa quilt to throw carelessly over one end, its ugliness will be relieved.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

In HOUSEHOLD E. M. asks how to make crabapple butter. We have made it for our own use, and occasionally sell, for several years as follows: Select the best crabapples and scald or boil them till soft. Remove the cores, then rub the apples through a colander or sieve. Add one gallon of good sorghum molasses to each two gallons of pulp. Cook thoroughly and season to taste.—A. S. FREELAND, Dalton City, Moultrie county, Illinois.

If "Aunt Emma" will turn her Brussels carpet bottom side up and dampen it with a solution of carbolic acid (a teaspoonful of crystals to a quart of hot water), and then when it is down again sprinkle it well with the same solution, she will have no more moths and no smell after a few days, and that done every time she raises the carpet to clean house will insure safety forever. Also put a little acid in the water the floor is scrubbed in.—TRANSPLANTED.

In answer to "Ohio Teacher" I would say that our county examinations are not tedious nor long. We are examined in eight branches—reading, orthography, arithmetic, grammar, history, physiology, geography, and theory and practice. Those that have never taught do not have theory and practice in the first examination. In coming to this state to teach, Butler county is a good place, for wages are high and teachers scarce. To "Texas Teacher," our books on teaching are very good, such as "Wickersham's School Economy," "Swett's Methods of Teaching," "Hughes' Hundred Mistakes in Teaching," and various others. We are required by the superintendent to take one or more school journals.—IOWA TEACHER.

If the one who signs herself "A Reader" will write to me I will give her all the information about bees or concerning canary birds. Address, GRACE, Box 10, East Hampton, Middlesex county, Conn.

The HOUSEHOLD would be glad if "Grace" will tell its members what she knows about taking care of canaries.—ED.

For MRS. F. H. C.: One way to make a double heel, knit the first stitch, take off the next, without knitting, and so on clear across; knit back left. Be sure and take off the same stitch every time. This is a simple way of making a double heel.—E. J. P.

If you will kindly make room for me, I will tell that young housekeeper with so little room and no cellar how I keep my milk in the Winter. In the first place I have creamery cans, as they are better to use than pans or crocks. Then I get me a tub large enough to set cans into. Then I had it high enough so that there could be a shelf put in about six inches from the bottom on which to set the cans. Then I have another shelf above the cans to set things on. I keep my crocks of butter on the shelf.—H.

If the lady who is suffering from ingrowing toenail will take a small piece of sheep's tallow, put in a spoon and hold over the fire until boiling hot, then turn one or two drops of the hot melted tallow between the nail and flesh, she will find it will give instant relief. The worst case can be cured with one application. I know whereof I speak.—A FARMER'S WIFE.

In answer to "L. M. Barnes," the longest verse is found in the book of Esther, eighth chapter and ninth verse, having 90 words, 427 letters.—TOPSY.

"Mrs. Sarah C. Alven," for bronchitis, consult the best physician you know of, and beware of cough syrups. I tried a great variety of them until my stomach is ruined without benefiting my throat. I find that a small piece of golden seal root kept in the mouth keeps down the irritation and prevents coughing. I have also been benefited by using Brown's bronchial troches.—MRS. E. C.

Recipes.

Ripe Tomato Pickles.—For 7 lbs. of fruit take 3 lbs. of sugar and 1 qt. of good vinegar, and spice with vinegar and cloves to suit the taste.—MRS. A. A. V.

Baking Powder.—8 ozs. soda, 4 ozs. cream tarter, 4 ozs. tartaric acid, 10 ozs. wheat flour. Pulverize finely, and mix. Keep lightly covered. One heaping teaspoonful to a quart of flour, will be sufficient for most baking. Pancakes and corn bread require more baking powder of any kind than other things.

Ginger Snaps.—Such as we buy.—1 cupful sugar, 1 cupful molasses, 1 cupful butter, 1 tablespoonful ginger, 1 teaspoonful soda dissolved in a little water, and as much flour as can be stirred in (not kneaded). Pinch off a piece as large as a large marble, roll in the hands, flatten slightly, place in the pan, leaving room for them to spread. Bake in a moderate oven, a nice brown. Leave in pan until cool enough to be snappy. —ALWAYS BUSY.

Friar's Omelette.—One doz. apples, ¼ lb. of butter, ¼ lb. of powdered sugar, 4 eggs, well beaten, bread crumbs. Boil the apples as for sauce, stir in the butter and the powdered sugar; when cold add eggs, well beaten; put into a buttered baking dish, thickly strewed over with bread crumbs, so that they stick to the bottom and sides; put in the apple mixture, strew crumbs of bread over the top; when baked, turn out and grate sugar over the top.

MRS. N. A.

Good Hard Soap.—I would say to E. Hall, to make good hard soap, to try this recipe, which we have used successfully: Take 1 lb. resin, ½ lb. borax, 8 lbs. grease, 17 qts. water, (rain water preferred), 2 boxes Lewis' lye. Put in ingredients and boil 1 hour.

MISS MAUD MCEWEN.

Potato Soup.—With a small piece of pork and a little celery boil six peeled potatoes, strain or rub through a colander and add to it milk, butter and salt till of the consistency of cream, add some finely chopped parsley, or any sweet herb preferred, and boil all five minutes, cut some stale bread into slices, fry brown in hot lard and throw into the soup just before serving.

Our Young Folks.

A YEAR AGO.

BY GEORGE ERINGLER.

I was so rich a year ago
That every day
A little child looked up to me
Amid its play.
I was so very rich because
The child was mine:
I did not think he was but lent
A little time.

I dreamed for him, bright dreams,
And he?
The castles that he built
Were all for me.
I can not tell you, if I try,
How golden bright
The head upon my pillow
Every night.

I never could begin to tell—
I wish I could—
How sweet this child of mine—
How sweet, how good;
Or half how rich I felt myself;
You do not know
How very rich I was
A year ago.

BYLOW.

BY ESTELLA THOMPSON.

I've learned where the mystical Bylow lies,
The little folks' wonderland,
Where the babies go when the daylight flies
And the sleep-watch angels stand.

It swings like a hammock from pole to pole
Of this jolly-go-round old world,
And the babies all into dreamland roll
When the sunshine flags are furled.

For the Blade Young Folks.

QUICK CREATURES.

BY "OLD OTOE INDIAN."

In a former article I made the bold statement that many creatures are much quicker than cats, so in this little talk with you young folks I propose to mention a few of them.

Swallows are said to fly through the air with the speed of an arrow, catching gnats as they go, and picking them up so rapidly that the pecking motion of their bills can rarely be discovered. Then how do people know that they are catching gnats? you ask (and very properly, too—always require evidence of the truth of such a remarkable assertion.) Well it is very easy to learn—for if some hard-hearted person will shoot one of the birds, after it has been darting about for a long while some calm evening, he will be very likely to find its crop well filled with the insects. Think what a keen, quick eye, and inexpressibly quick bill the bird must have! Doesn't it throw a cat in the shade entirely? The smallness of the gnats makes the catching of them all the more wonderful.

Fish-hawks sail over a lake or pond 50 feet above the water, and when a small fish rises near the surface they dart down and seize it (even if it is a foot under water) quicker than the smoothest ball of lead could fall half the distance. Indeed, the descent is so rapid that if the bird carried a coal of fire on its beak, and performed it at night, 'twould look like a veritable streak of lightning! Why don't the bird remain closer to the water? Sometimes it does, when the tiny fishes happen to be uncommonly venturesome, but if they are scarce, or shy, the bird must soar far above them to induce them to appear, and then one does come up the bird must fails to catch the gleam of its bright scales flashing in the sunlight, even if he is a hundred feet above it, and O! how violently he then strikes the water! When all else is still one can hear the sharp splash a quarter of a mile away; often I have listened to it for hours, wondering why the birds did not burst themselves; and, really, 'tis only their shield of yielding feathers and the unusual form (when beak downward) which prevents such a dire catastrophe—for a broad oaken plank an inch in thickness falling at such a rate, and falling flat on the water, would be pretty sure of splitting—perhaps it might be dashed into many pieces.

Now a word about the quickness of fishes themselves will be in order. Well, I have seen high-bounding fishes (such as sunfish, perch, etc.) dart up a waterfall or dam swiftly as a flash of ruby, six or eight feet! And they didn't jump up outside the water, either, for those species are unable to leap more than three feet out of calm water, I have reason to believe; so, if they paddled up with their thin fins and tails, just imagine, if you can, how rapidly they must have moved them! In the first place, they were compelled to sweep their fins downward at a rate faster than the water fell in order to make any resistance against it at all; then, secondly, they had to exert enough extra power and speed to overcome the awful pressure of water above them: so that, for a human being, 'twould be like trying to climb a crumbling sand-hill with the speed of a railroad train against him—yet the fishes were inconceivably quick enough not only to mount up, but fairly to fly up like a bird in thin, calm air: in fact I could not have seen them had it not been for their bright, shining sides!

And the humming-bird; who has not gazed with unspeakable delight upon its astoundingly rapid motions, its wings vibrating so fast as to appear like many colored, dancing flames! One moment this paragon of birds is here by a lilac bush, the next it is peering up into yon pure white rose a hundred yards away!

I could name many other birds from two to a dozen times quicker than any cat, but trust that the three particular species mentioned will suffice for the present, as I have totally different kinds of creatures to mention here I conclude. [But I must remark here that several kinds of fowls, including chickens, catch mice as greedily as the cat when the little rodents come near; but none of them have the patience to hide and silently await their appearing, as a cat has.]

The "jumping" spider (a very poisonous variety) excels a cat in quickness of motion, while it is more like the cat in its habits than any other insect seen as he springs suddenly and treacherously upon the unwary victim, stripping off the wings with the ferocity of a tiger (and in less than a second of time), while, instead of merely sucking the blood as other spiders, it devours the whole body (except the wings, and perhaps the legs) in a twinkling. I saw such a fellow, not larger than a pea, gorge and swallow a great many hopping gnats in a few seconds! I shuddered to think what an invincible monster he would be, if of the dimension of a lion; just one such a demon could soon slay all the elephants in the world! How glad we should be that the Creator has made the most terrible creatures small, and that He made those largest comparatively harmless, so that man, who is neither the largest nor smallest of animated beings, may be master of them all!

Weasels; who will deny that they are quicker in all their motions than a cat can possibly be?

Now I come to the dog, who, also, I have said, is quicker than a cat—not all dogs are, by any means, but well-trained dogs of the more agile breeds, such as the shepherd, spaniel, wolves and foxes.

"Don Carlos Frisk," formerly introduced to you, will serve as an example, or illustration. I saw him a few days since, grown mice in about half a second! Arthur, his master, overturned a barrel containing the four mice in the bottom, all of whom, of course, instantly made a dash for the open end—but the dog, so quickly that the eye could scarcely follow his motions, thrust in his head and caught every mouse, one at a time, before either of them could get outside, giving each one a single nip, and seizing and dropping them all as quickly as you could say nip-nip-nip-nip. I have seen him catch a rat and toss it up in the air in order to catch a better hold on it for shaking it—not daring to drop it for that purpose. A cat could do the same, of course, but whether he could seize any particular one of the rats as he might desire, I do not, perhaps, some time relate a number of anecdotes of dogs showing their extreme quickness, among other traits.

Now, with a few words about the quickness of trained men, I will conclude. Who has not observed men performing feats of nimbleness enough superior to a cat's best to put the latter "literally nowhere?" There are jugglers in and out of shows who can keep at least three balls in air at once as long as you would care to watch them. After all, is not the human hand, carefully trained, the quickest and surest of its aim of all animated beings? Imagine a cat's paw moving as rapidly, and for so long a time, as the hand of a skilful compositor setting type, being compelled, at the same time, at each move to pick up a certain desired article (not just anything out of a conglomerate heap), no larger to him than an ordinary type is to the compositor, and making as few mistakes as the man does! —even without having copy sometimes rather illegible to match besides.

Then, if not quickness, what is it about a cat, you ask, which makes him the symbol of activity? Well, a cat is quick and possesses other remarkable qualities besides—the patience of an indian, the silence of a "ghost," the sinuousness of a serpent, and almost the sure aim of the best human hand.

THE WEE CRY IN THE NIGHT.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and live miles and miles away upon the western prairie. There wasn't a house in sight when I first moved there, my wife and I, and now we have not many neighbors, though those we have are good ones.

One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some 50 head of cattle—fine creatures as I ever saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and above all a doll for our youngest, Dolly. She had never had a store doll of her own—only rag babies her mother had made her.

Dolly could talk nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to get a big one. Nobody but a parent can understand how full my mind was of that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in paper and tucked it under my arm while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up. Then, late as it was, I started for home. I might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back and eager to hear Dolly's praises about her doll.

I was mounted on a steady-going old horse and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down as dark as pitch while I was in the middle of the darkest bit of road I know of. I could have felt my way, though, I remembered it so well, and when the storm that had been brewing broke and pelted the rain in torrents, I was five miles or maybe six miles from home.

I rode as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened, I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing; all was as dark as pitch. I got down and felt around in the grass—called again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover, and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares and rob and murder me. I am not superstitious, not very, but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, but once more I heard the cry, and said I:

"If any man's child is hereabouts Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse and the beast came to me and I mounted and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mamma. It seemed so tired, and pretty soon cried itself asleep on my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake, but when I got into the doorway I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dread fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors and my wife amid them weeping. When she saw me she hid her face.

"Oh, don't tell him," she said. "It will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.

"Nothing now, I hope. What's that you have in your arm?"

"A poor lost child," said I; "I found it on the road. Take it, will you! I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my child, my Dolly.

It was my own darling and none other that I had picked up on the drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet papa and the doll while mother was at work, and they were lamenting her as one dead. I thanked Heaven on my knees before them.

It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

That's Dolly yonder with her mother in the meadow; a girl worth saving, I think; but, then, I'm her father and partial maybe; the prettiest and sweetest thing this side of the Mississippi.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

BIRCH BARK ARTICLES.

BY MARGARET LAKE.

Another pattern for hanging basket is called the "canoe," though it will not strike you as a very good, or safe, or comfortable one to go to sea in, the like of which, probably, never was seen on the water. I give the pattern if you can improve up

A Great Problem.

—Take all the Kidney and Liver *Medicines*,
—Take all the *Blood* purifiers,
—Take all the *Rheumatic* remedies,
—Take all the *Dyspepsia* and indigestion *cures*,
—Take all the *Ague*, Fever and bilious *specifics*,
—Take all the *Brain* and Nerve force *restorers*,
—Take all the *Great* health restorers.
—*In short*, take all the best qualities of all these, and the —*best* —*Qualities* of all the best medicines in the world, and you will find that —*Hop* —*Bitters* have the best curative qualities and powers of all —*concentrated* —In them, and that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or —*combined* —Fail. A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver complaint and rheumatism. Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with water. All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure me. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the hardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has *worked a miracle* in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave.—J. W. MORRY, Baffalo, Oct. 1, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family, and large bills for doctoring. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day since, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost. I know it."—A WORKINGMAN.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, nauseous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND,
Is a Positive Cure
For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.
A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman.
Prepared by a Woman.
The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.
It will restore the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh bloom of early spring and early summer time.
☞ Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely. ☜
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every impurity from the blood, and give new strength to the system, or man woman or child. Insist on having it.
Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3c. stamp. Send for pamphlet.
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.
For sold by all Druggists. ☜ (1)

Organization of the Stockmen's Convention.

At the opening of the third day of the national cattlemen's convention at St. Louis on November 19 Gov. Frisbin, chairman of the committee on credentials, presented a report embodying 1,180 names accredited as members of the convention. On various motions names accidentally omitted were added, swelling the list to over 1,300. The report was then unanimously adopted.

The report of the committee on Permanent Organization was then read, and adopted without dissent, perfecting the election of the following officers: Gov. John L. Routt, Colorado, president; Gen. N. M. Curtis, New York, first vice president, and one vice-president from each state and territory; Amos T. Atwater, St. Louis, secretary; J. L. McAfee, Maryland, assistant-secretary; J. W. Booth, Texas, reading clerk.

Gov. Routt was escorted to the chair, and briefly addressed the convention, urging prompt, harmonious action on the important business before the members.

Agricultural Report.

The Commissioner of Agriculture in his annual report pays a well merited compliment to Prof. Doty, statistician of the department, for diligence and ability of his work and the value of monthly reports, which, he says, attracted great attention not only in this country but in Europe. The report of Prof. Dodge shows that between 1860 and 1880 the value of meats increased from $340,000,000 to $800,000,000; cereals from $600,689,858 to $694,518,394; wheat from $153,633,545 to $436,908,868; hay from $453,671,168 to $449,550,783; dairy products from $152,250,000 to $352,500,000; cotton from $211,516,625 to $271,635,121; and other products in proportion, more than doubling the aggregate value and increasing it from $1,600,000,000 to $3,600,000,000 in round numbers. With good prices the current production of agriculture in the United States can be had on less short four months labor, and the values are those of home markets and not of eastern commercial cities or ports of exportation.

Cattle Disease.

So virulent is the hog cholera in Iowa that the recent losses in Mills county alone are estimated at $14,000.

"Blackleg" has broken out among young cattle in the western section of Berks county, Pa. The disease is very loathsome, and many young cattle have succumbed.

The Chinese Must Go.

In the United States Circuit Court at New York, on November 21, Judge Brown decided that Ah Sing, a Chinese cook, should be fined for leaving the vessel and coming ashore in violation of the act of Congress, was not a laborer as specified in the act, and discharged him, with the understanding that he leaves the country within 30 days. Judge Brown further said the act applied to all Chinamen who were laborers, whether naturalized citizens of other countries or not.

Earthquakes.

A Lima, Peru, dispatch of the 23d., says: "A strong shock of earthquake was felt here at 7:13 this morning. Its motion was from southwest to northeast. There was no unusual electric disturbance. Clouds of dust were visible from three to five miles from Callao, where portions of the cliff were shaken down on the beach; the walls of some houses cracked, and some were shaken down."

A Quebec dispatch of the 23d., says: Several places on the north and south shore of the St. Lawrence, between St. Flavie and Gaspe, was visited by a shock of earthquake yesterday evening. The shock lasted in some places as long as 45 to 50 seconds. No casualties reported."

At Concord, N. H., a slight shock of earthquake was felt at 12:30 Sunday morning, followed, sixteen minutes later, by a very heavy one lasting several seconds, during which large buildings were shaken. The second was accompanied by a heavy rumbling noise, sufficient to awaken people. Shocks were also felt in various parts of the state Sunday.

Tazewell Court House, Va., a flourishing village in the county of the same name, was recently devastated by numerous incendiary fires. News has reached Lynchburg of another large fire which, besides destroying valuable property, burned a negro girl to death.

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

The Best Feed for Pigs.

Prof. J. W. Sanborn, of the Missouri State Agricultural college, is constantly making experiments in feeding animals, and gives the public its results, as far as determined, in the form of bulletins. Bulletin No. 10 shows the value of shipstuff as compared with corn and corn meal for feeding pigs. His experiments show that although corn meal is a better food than whole corn for pigs, yet when the cost of carrying to mill and paying toll is reckoned in there is very little if any gain to the Western farmer from grinding his corn. He also finds that shipstuff (the waste of the flouring mill) is worth far more for pig food than most western farmers have been willing to believe. In a late trial, about 94 pounds of shipstuff gave the same gain in growth that was made from 100 pounds of corn meal, and the professor says that this accords with the experiments made by him for the past six years. He advises western farmers to feed more of their wheat wastes, instead of sending it off to eastern feeders, who find it one of the cheapest forms in which to purchase fertility for their farms.

The Professor further finds that corn fed to steers will not produce more than half the meat that it will when fed to pigs. But as our people are not grease eaters we must learn to feed our swine in a way that will give more muscle and less lard. By exposing sections of the carcasses of the pigs fed upon corn and upon shipstuff, he found that the latter showed a very much better quality of meat. The conclusion to be drawn is that a mixture of corn or corn meal and wheat wastes is far better for pig feeding than corn or corn meal alone, the exclusive use of which is detrimental to a vigorous and healthy muscular development, producing a pig easily subject to disease, distasteful to our patrons and more costly than is necessary. We might add to this that another experimenter has found that the same amount of feed given to poultry will produce twice as much meat and eggs in weight as is therefore useful. For the winter crop Mr. Rawson prefers the white seeded tennis ball, and for summer the black-seeded tennis ball. Superior plants of these sorts are saved for seed. Mr. Rawson prefers to grow his own seed; he also raises it to sell. The black and white-seeded varieties are grown upon separate farms to guard against mixing. Lettuce which was sown under frames September 1, and transpanted to the houses when about two inches high, will be ready for market November 1. In spring and summer six weeks will grow the lettuce, and in winter three months or more is required. The plants are set eight inches apart each way in the houses. A week or two before marketing the plants are "puddled"—watered with warm water applied between the plants with a hose. This forces the plants and causes them to head up. Tobacco strippings are strewn about the plants when they are set out to keep of the lice. The value of house grown lettuce will depend very much upon the experness of the grower in regulating the rest. If a uniform temperature of 45° or 50° can be maintained at night and about 70° or 76° during the day, the main requisites of temperature will be secured. Too great a heat will scald the plants.—*American Cultivator.*

English Ideas About Feeding.

Fowls deprived of liberty, and unable to seek for seeds, snails and other insects, must be fed differently from those continually in the open fields and accustomed to much exercise. Those in confinement are fed generally with barley, wheat and oats, to which is added buckwheat during the laying season, and consume in that state a deal of grain; attention should be given to vary that expensive system of feeding, which would prove very onerous both to health and pocket. Save up all the vegetable parings, waste bread, bones and scraps from the table, the whole of which to be boiled up with the washing of the plates and dishes. Such a mixture is a very economical and excellent food for poultry in confinement; especially when mixed with middlings and given warm in the morning; this replaces the animal food picked up by fowls in liberty. Never forget that poultry penned up in small yards and deprived of liberty to roam about, which is the most healthful recreation, have no occupation, and appear wearied in consequence of their confinement. To obviate this and give them a little diversion, suspend in different places either a cabbage or a head of lettuce, so that the fowls may jump and pick at them; such exercise is good for their well-being. Never give poultry in confinement an over-quantity of food; they soon get disgusted with it, and trample it under foot. Feed them at stated times, and never too much at one time; let them leave off with an appetite; at feeding-time they will enjoy the new meal with zest. Cleanliness in all utensils in use for poultry is strongly recommended. — *North British Agriculturist.*

A Point About Watering.

When convenient, horses should be fed at short rather than at long intervals. The small size of the stomach precludes the horse from rapidly digesting a quantity of food sufficient to serve him for a long period. This applies with even greater force to watering. It is a very common practice to water horses only three times a day, the water being by some given before meals, and by others afterward. Whichever of these plans is adopted, the system is bad; but it is worst when the latter method is adopted. For when like the horse, with his small stomach already filled with food, injects a large quantity of water, a great portion of the food must be washed on into the intestine before the gastric juice had had time to act on it. And if it be the case that gastric juice is formed even in the fasting stomach, then watering before meals must wash away this juice into the intestine, where it is of no service. Horses should therefore have water at short intervals, and when practicable they should have free access to it in their mangers. When this is the case the horse drinks frequently, but never in quantities so great as practically to wash out his stomach.

Married Versus Single Help.

The grange of Summit county, New York state, has been discussing the relative value of married men and single men as "hired help." No decision was reached. One set of farmers took the ground that married men had too many concerns of their own, could not be found when wanted and were less to be depended upon than single men, while another set of reasoners said that single men were less interested in affairs, had less reason to work, slid off to the tavern at night, and so forth. When the argument had gone on about long enough a farmer's wife arose and said she thought it depended more on what sort of man you hired than it did on whether he was married; and with that bit of wisdom to reflect upon the meeting broke up.

To Heat Greenhouses.

For small greenhouses detached from the dwelling house, the hot water circulation will be found cheaper and more satisfactory than steam, and far better than the old-fashioned brick flued hot air arrangement at the other, which is also a cumbersome affair and now little used. Steam has advantages where several houses are to be heated from one fire, since it is easier to divide and regulate the heat, but for so simple a structure as has been described nothing is so efficient and economical as a good hot water boiler. The combination of flue and boiler is of much practical importance, the saving in fuel being balanced by the impaired draught and the danger of the escape of poisonous gases into the house to the destruction of its contents.

A Curious Norman Practice.

The planting of orchards in Normandy is generally done late in the fall. The perpendicular tap root is carefully removed before setting. The Norman orchardist considers this essential to success. He observes the greatest care not to injure in the slightest degree any of the little lateral rootlets. The object of course is to foster the multiplication of these rootlets instead of having growth of the tree's strength expended in growing the tap root. As it is the little rootlets that take up plant food in solution in the moisture of the soil, the reason of this curious Norman custom is apparent.

John A. Logan, jr., with the consent of his father, has resigned his position at West Point.

News of the Week.

ELECTION NEWS.

Official vote of North Carolina—Cleveland, 142,995; Blaine, 125,068; St. John, 448.

Official vote of Georgia—Cleveland, 94,-567; Blaine, 47,965; Butler, 125; St. John, 184.

The official vote of Minnesota is Blaine, 111,623; Cleveland, 70,144; St. John, 4,691; Butler, 358.

In Illinois, in 1880, the Prohibitionists cast 443 votes out of 622,000. This year they polled 11,429 out of 672,000.

The official count for President in Alabama shows: Cleveland, 92,973; Blaine, 59,444; Butler, 762; St. John, 610.

All returns from cities and counties in Virginia are received at the office of the secretary of the commonwealth. The figures on the presidential vote foot up: Cleveland, 146,189; Blaine, 138,484; Cleveland's majority, 7,715.

All the counties of Michigan, with the exception of Gladwin, have filed official returns. The Republican vote for electors is 192,354; Fusion, 159,408; Blaine's plurality, 2,946. For governor, Alger, Rep., 190,-544; Begole, Fusion, 186,732; Preston, 22,-307; Alger's plurality, 3,812.

Complete revised official returns from Illinois give the following result: Blaine, 337,474; Cleveland, 312,355; St. John, 12,-074; Butler, 10,991; Blaine's plurality, 25,-119. For Governor, Oglesby, Rep., 334,-254; Harrison, Dem., 319,635; Hobus, Pro., 10,786; Harper, Gr., 8,987; Oglesby's plurality, 14,599.

The Iowa state board of canvassers have completed their work as far as electors on Republican and Fusion tickets are concerned, with the following result: Van Valkenburg, Rep., 197,089; Finch, Fusion, 177,286; Republican plurality, 19,803. These were both electors at large, and the remainder are about the same. It is impossible yet to give St. John's vote, as the electors on that ticket show many different given and surnames, so that the vote will not be canvassed before Tuesday. St. John's vote in the state will not vary much from 2,000.

The result of the state election in West Virginia in October will nor be officially made known until the Legislature meets in January. Gov. Jackson authorizes the statement that the majority for Wilson, Dem., for Governor, will not vary materially from 4,978, unless the vote in Fayette county, where a contest is pending, should be thrown out, when the majority will be 5,143. The plurality for Cleveland over Blaine at the Presidential election, with three counties estimated, is 4,500.

Official figures have been received from all but five counties in Michigan, showing the following vote: Blaine, 185,057; fusion, 183,783; St. John, 18,163; Blaine's plurality, 1,374. The remaining counties, in the unofficial count, give Blaine a plurality of 1,-565, which increases his plurality in the state to 2,939. The Fusion vote, divided, is 80 per cent. Democratic and the rest Greenbackers. For governor, on counties so far reported, Alger, Rep., has a plurality of 2,542. The latest figures give the Republicans a majority on joint ballot in the legislature.

Official Announcement of the Result in New York.

The State canvassers met at noon on November 20. All present. Secretary Wood announced the footings of tables as follows:

Highest Democratic Elector—Priest	563,154
Highest Republican Elector—Carson	562,605
Plurality	1,149
Lowest Democratic Elector—Ottendorfer	563,048
Lowest Republican Elector—Harris	561,971
Plurality	1,077
Highest Prohibition Elector—Miller	23,006
Lowest " " —Ellsworth	23,048
Highest Butler Elector—O'Donnell	17,004
Lowest " " —Campbell	16,751

After the announcement the members of the board signed the tables and certificates.

Political Points.

Democrats of Caldwell, the birthplace of Pres.-elect Cleveland, recommend Gen. McClellan for secretary of state.

A report is current in Washington City that the Mormons contributed $100,000 to the Democratic National campaign fund.

A great throng of public men of New York attended the marriage Wednesday of Daniel Manning and Mary Margaretta Frier. Gov. Cleveland was present.

The seventh election case tried in the U. S. court, that against Dan Kinney, a Cincinnati Democrat, for preventing a citizen from voting, resulted in a conviction.

The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* contains a letter to the editor from Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York *Tribune*, positively declining to be a candidate for United States senator.

Gov. Brown, of Rhode Island, has appointed Wm. P. Sheffield to the senate, to succeed Senator Anthony until the assembling of the legislature in January, when a senator will be elected

A correspondent writing from Marshall, Mo., says the Democrats in celebrating their victory there cheered for Jeff Davis as unfortunately effort their condition. Gov. Cleveland replied:

"Yes, I have been astonished at the statement that there was an apprehension existing among the colored people that in some way their rights, now secured to them under the laws and constitution of the United States, were in danger from the election of a Democratic President. I am ever loud that some of the colored people have been led to suppose the result of the recent election means that they may be again made slaves. All this has appeared to me to be so absurd, and I have been so sure that the slightest intelligent reflection would dislodge such foolish fears, that I can hardly deem any notice of them necessary. But there is not the slightest objection to calling the attention of all who are in the least uncertain or uncertain on this subject to the fact that the title of colored people to freedom and all the rights of citizenship cannot be disturbed except by a change in the constitution, which it would be absolutely impossible to make. Besides the present condition and status of the colored people has been so fully accepted by the entire country that no one should have the slightest idea that any attempt will be made to change it, if there was a possibility of accomplishing such a thing. So far as the new administration is related to this subject, the whole country can be sure that the lawful power and jurisdiction of the executive will be so exercised that the rights of all citizens, white or black, under the constitution or law, will be preserved and protected, and all the advantages to which they are entitled by reason of their citizenship, will be secured to them. There need be no fear that the Democratic party or the newly elected administration proposes to oppress or enslave any part of our population, nor to destroy the business interests of the country. We hope, on the other hand, to do something to benefit the people. It seems to me that our efforts in that direction would be aided if mischievous croonings and dark imagings should give place to an earnest endeavor to inspire confidence, to make universal a cheerful hope for a "new departure." The statement that the President-elect has opened quarters at the Arlington or at any other hotel in Washington, is premature at least.

Randall's Position.

Mr. Randall's position under Cleveland's administration is an interesting topic of discussion among politicians about town. His friends say he can get in the cabinet, not as secretary of the treasury, but as head of the interior department. The revenue reform element of the Democracy would undoubtedly be delighted to have Randall transferred from the house of representatives to a seat in the cabinet. Randall would not be a congenial man to be stalking around the house of representatives in case the revenue reformers should decide to again wrestle with the tariff schedules. If Randall goes into the cabinet of the new president he will select his own portfolio. He is not the kind of a man to permit his enemies to put him in a place where he can do the least good.

Hendricks and Beecher.

Brooklyn Democrats and Independents turned out in force Thursday evening to listen to speeches by Hendricks and Beecher. The former spoke at considerable length, and took especial pains to return thanks to the Independent Republicans for their assistance in the late campaign. In the course of his remarks he said:

"Do you ask me if I am in favor of civil service reform? Of course I am in favor of civil service reform. I am not in favor of a continuation of the many things that we have seen in some of the years that are past. The people are tired of it and they want a change. Do you desire to know of me what civil service I have confidence in? I am very free to say to you people to night that I am not particularly confident in success after a schoolmaster's examination, but I will tell you what I have confidence in, as it was in the days of Andrew Jackson—let whom they had mourned as dead. The runaway couple went from Greenville to a Western town, where they have since lived happily. The letter states that they are the possessors of a happy home in Harper, Harper county, Kan.

Cleveland and the Negroes.

Gov. Cleveland was asked by an Associated Press reporter if he was aware of the delusion among the colored people of the South that a change in administration would unfavorably effect their condition. Gov. Cleveland replied:

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Fred Douglass, who has enjoyed the cream of the preferments bestowed on his race, is selected as the first candidate for decapitation. E. D. Wright, a Washington delegate to Chicago, is supported by the Democracy of his district for the office of recorder of deeds, now filled by Douglass. Mr. Wright says he wants that office and his friends say he is going to have it. Mr. Douglass's two sons will go out with him.

The Panama Canal and Railroad.

A New York dispatch says: "One of the passengers arriving from Aspinwall by the steamship Colon was George Mobray, a Brooklyn machinist, who has been working on the Panama canal. His health has been broken down by the Chagres fever. He describes the mortality among the laborers as really frightful. Nine-tenths of those attacked by the fever die in the hospitals. Unless the victims have money or influence their bodies are dumped into pits and covered with quick-lime. There is a saying that every tie of the Panama railroad represents a tombstone for some one of those who were engaged in its construction, and it may almost as truly be said that for every yard of earth turned up on the canal there is a death in the hospitals. These institutions are constantly crowded. It rains a great deal, and the soft banks of the ditch are constantly being undermined, making re-excavation necessary. Mowbray brings several farewell messages from dying men to their friends in this country. He says skilled workmen earn $5.50 per day, and laborers from $3 to $4. The board, which is very poor, costs from $12 to $15 per week."

The Hennepin Canal.

The Hennepin Canal commission, whose object is to secure the building of a canal from Hennepin, on the Illinois & Michigan canal, to Rock Island, on the Mississippi, a distance of 60 miles, thereby shortening by 200 miles of water route between the upper Mississippi and the seaboard, met at Chicago, Tuesday. The importance of the measure was discussed and a resolution passed for appointment of a committee to solicit subscriptions to defray expenses in urging the passage of the bill for that purpose, now pending in Congress, and to send agents to visit the boards of trade and mercantile organizations throughout the territory interested in the work and to present its advantages and commercial importance.

Terrible Effects of the Drouth in Virginia and New Hampshire.

A tale of distress comes from Buchanan, Wise and Dickinson counties, occupying isolated positions of the extreme western limit of Virginia. For some weeks a fatal disease has been prevalent there, and a number of deaths. The terrible nature of the disease is yet undefined, but is supposed to arise from poisonous water. The drouth there portends nearly dried all the streams, springs and wells, and it is supposed the water left is impregnated with mineral poison. A reliable correspondent tells a pitiful story, and says in some cases as many as four corpses were found in a single house.

The effects of the drouth are seriously felt in many portions of New Hampshire. In several cases sickness, the wholly to wells, has occurred, and seems to be increasing. Scarlet fever and diphtheria exist in various towns. In several instances schools are closed on account of the sickness of pupils.

The Dreadful Scourge In Virginia and Kentucky.

A Lynchburg, Va., dispatch, dated the 20th, says: "The counties suffering from an unknown and fatal disease before reported, are, viz: Lee, Dickinson, and the edge of Scott in Virginia, and Harland, Lee and adjoining counties in Kentucky. Owing to the isoated position of particulars will be hard to obtain. Hundreds have died, and allowing for exaggeration, the mortality is very large.

Postal Clerk Wells, who just arrived from that section, after having had the disease, gives a sad account of the epidemic. He attributes the cause to the mineral poison in the drouth-dried water, and says that a strong and disagreeable mineral taste, like copperas, exists. At the time he be left few springs were living freely and people were compelled to drink this impregnated water. Although the disease is unknown, people call it cholera, and were it so, cannot be more dreaded or disastrous. The symptoms are described as being like the Asiatic cholera, followed by a terrible hemorrhage of the bowels, and persons attacked either die or recover in about a week, but it is frequently fatal in 24 hours and sometimes in a few hours. In most instances it visits an entire family, and is considered so contagious that in some cases the party dies alone, their friends being afraid to go to them. Figures of mortality are not known, but it is estimated that over 500 have died in the Virginia counties named, and considering the small population the percentage is large. At the late election the number of deaths considerably affected the majorities at various precincts, and 30 new graves were counted in a small cemetery as the result. The people are demoralized and local business interests suffer alike. The scourge visited this section in 1854. In the extremely mountainous country owing to the high latitude, cold nights are also lying in some sections. A general rain has fallen in the state for two days past and probably the drought is over to a degree."

Prohibition in Kansas.

The Kansas state Temperance Union met in Topeka Wednesday. Ex-Gov. St. John and wife were in attendance. During the afternoon the committee on resolutions made a report reciting that the principles of the union had been emphatically endorsed by the people of Kansas in the overwhelming defeat of the present occupants of the executive chair, thus condemning his unlawful usurpation of law and the exercising of executive clemency in behalf of convicted saloon-keepers. They congratulate Prohibitionists on the growth of the temperance sentiment and recommend a series of resolutions, the more important of which are as follows:

"That the Democratic party of Kansas, by adopting an anti-prohibition platform and making an avowedly anti-prohibition campaign, have made it impossible for consistent Prohibitionists to give it their support so long as it retains its present attitude.

"That the Republican party of Kansas by adopting a platform that was satisfactory to the mass of Prohibitionists, and by electing state officers and a legislature, pledged to require the enforcement of the constitution to the end that the full effects of prohibition may be realized, has done all that reasonable Prohibitionists should demand, and is at this time entitled to the cordial support of temperance men.

"That as long as the attitude of the two leading parties in this state remain unchanged, we are unalterably opposed to the formation or maintenance of an Independent Prohibition party, and we cordially invite those who have separated from us to return and act with us in the future."

The resolutions were passed without opposition, except the last named, which was opposed by St. John. After a long debate its final clause was amended to read as follows: "And we cordially invite all to join us in the work."

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Judge Utt rendered a decision under the new prohibition law in favor of the liquor men. Ninety-six saloon keepers were sued by the Citizens' league, which asked the court for an injunction to close the saloons as criminal nuisances under the new law. Judge Utt sustained the demurrer of the defendants on the grounds that "his court being one of equity has no jurisdiction over criminal cases, and on the general ground that it is unconstitutional to deprive a man of his property. An appeal will be made.

A Twelve-Year-Old Bride.

A few years ago J. H. Kelly kept a hotel on the line of one of the roads leading to Erie, Pa. Kelly had a daughter, Mamie, aged 12, and very pretty. One of Kelly's boarders was Edward C. Beatty, a telegraph operator. Beatty and Mamie were very fond of each, but their affection was not noticed on account of her age. One day they eloped and were traced to Greenville, where, to the great astonishment of their sorrowing parents, it was learned that they were married. There all further trace of them was lost until a few years later, when it was learned that the runaway daughter had died in a little town in the far West. The sad news almost killed the fond parents. They moved to Altoona, where they now live, and to their surprise and great joy received a few days ago a letter from their long lost child,

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Great Britian.

The London *Truth* says that James Russell Lowell intends to reside at Oxford, England after he has retired from the duties of United States minister.

In the House of Lords, Tuesday, the franchise bill passed its second reading, without division. On Thursday the Marquis of Salisbury will move to postpone the committee stages of the bill for a fortnight.

The police and marines who reached the Isle of Skye Monday marched through the districts of Uig, Staffan and Voltos, which were the centers of the most serious disturbances. The crofters remained in doors, but displayed flags in token of their loyalty. No arrests were made.

Conservatives of both houses of parliament held a meeting at the Carlton Club, to consider the compromise offered by the government with reference to the Franchise bill. After some discussion the Conservatives decided to accept the proposals of the government. They will agree to pass the Franchise bill, provided the government will immediately produce the Redistribution bill, which is satisfactory to both parties.

At a conference of land owners and farmers in London, Tuesday, called by the Farmers' Alliance, a series of resolutions were adopted, the most important of which was one to the effect that substantial reduction in rent was essential to meet the present agricultural depression and enable tenants to properly cultivate their lands; also, that it was necessary to encourage enterprise by giving complete security for the money expended by the tenants on the improvements and by abolishing distress.

Lord Dunraven publishes a reply to the letter of John Bright. Lord Dunraven takes issue in contradiction to the statement of Bright that wages have risen more in America than in England, that American workingmen are much better off, and that tens of thousands of English artisans are thus attracted to America. Lord Dunraven also states that the trade of Russia, France and America the last seven years has been rapidly extending, while the trade of England has been declining. Dunraven says the party of protection and monopoly in America has been overthrown, that Bright has supported the Republican party for longer and pen since 1861, and now, in the first moment of its misfortune and humiliation, has nothing but contemptuous epithets for that party, forgetful that the Democrats are as much pledged to protection as the Republicans. This correspondence has been induced by the Hackney election, which bases its appeal to the country, and in which "local option" enters as largely as "free trade" or "fair trade."

A large meeting of the Land Restoration League was held at St. James' Hall, London, Wednesday evening. Michael Davitt, Henry George, Miss Helen Taylor, and several members of Parliament were present. Miss Taylor moved a resolution that the land inalienably belonged to the people. She expressed her sympathy with the Welsh members, and urged the abolition of the House of Lords. Mr. Davitt seconded Miss Taylor's resolution. Henry George supported the resolution, and was enthusiastically received by the meeting. He said the recent election in America was one of the most important in the history of the Republic, because it ended an era during which the people of America had been fighting a battle about slavery and questions arising therefrom. [Cheers.] It terminated forever, it was to be hoped, the old parties, and the advent of a new and vigorous party, yet unnamed. In the future economic and social questions in America must come to the front.

THE FRANCHISE BILL.

Gladstone has written a letter, in which he says the government will require adequate assurance that the franchise bill will be passed by the House of Lords before the redistribution bill be introduced. This, however, does not preclude friendly communication between the leaders of the two parties before such assurance is given. Conservative leaders have asked the government that such communication regarding the nature of the proposed redistribution bill shall be made to them.

NO IRISH NEED APPLY.

The House of Commons, by a vote of 40 to 32, rejected the Irish compensation for improvement bill, which sought to extend the provisions of the land act to country towns and villages.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Queen has returned to Windsor castle from Balmoral, in excellent health.

Egypt.

SMALLPOX.

Eight hundred cases of smallpox have occurred among the British troops at Dongola. The camping ground has been changed, and every precaution taken against the spread of the disease.

THE NILE.

The Nile is falling rapidly; large naggars, consequently, unable to pass the cataracts, will possibly return. The expedition will be deferred until the next rising of the river.

The British forces in Egypt number 16,000 men, including 9,000 troops south of Assouan. Only two regiments remain in Cairo. Leaving such a small garrison there is thought unwise.

THE SOUDAN.

A man who arrived at Cairo Thursday from Khartoum, says the Mahdi's position is eighteen hours' march from Khartoum. Disease is making great ravages among the Mahdi's followers, fully 100 dying daily. Sheikh Morgoram, with a large force, arrived at a point midway between Kessala and Berber, to lend assistance to Gen. Gordon. Advices from Wady Halfa state the British troops arriving there are departing for the front with noteworthy rapidity. The Sussex and Cornwall regiments are now en route to Dongola. Advance beyond Dongola will be impossible for a month.

France.

The Tariff committee of the Chamber of Deputies, in Paris, by a vote of six to five, approved the principle of increasing import duties on corn and flour. It resolved, however, to confer with the government regarding the amount of increase.

DEMONSTRATION PROPOSED.

In Paris people who are out of employment are organizing a monster demonstration for next Sunday week.

At a demonstration in Paris Sunday of workingmen and Socialists several advocated the massacre and robbery of the rich. Two speakers who advocated moderation were kicked in to the street. Shopkeepers in the vicinity of the meeting closed their places, fearing violence and pillage. The police were unable to disperse the assemblage, and were obliged to call on the military. The troops then took possession of the street.

Mexico.

Great excitement prevails in the City of Mexico over the question of the conversion of the English debt. Knots of people gather at street corners to discuss matters. Rumors prevail that provisions for the conversion will be withdrawn or defeated. Opponents claim that the issue of £2,500,000 authorized over and above the amount to be devoted to conversion is a "grand steal," and that Mexico will be unable to meet the interest. Crowds gathered in the street Monday night shouting death to Gonzales, the outgoing president. Although the crowds were unarmed they were needlessly fired upon by the soldiers, and a few persons were killed and others wounded. The crowd in front of the house of Gen. Diaz, incoming president, called for him to appear and state his position, but he made no response. Troops were stationed outside the chamber of deputies Tuesday, during the debate on the English debt conversion bill. While the discussion was in progress shots outside were heard, and the result was wild confusion in the galleries, which was quickly communicated to the body of the House. It was impossible to obtain order and the speaker was compelled to adjourn the session. An increased number of troops patroled the streets in the evening, and order was preserved.

Germany.

THE REICHSTAG.

There were no Socialists present Thursday at the opening of the Reichstag. Emperor William looked wonderfully well, but once or twice during the reading of his speech he was obliged to pause as if to collect strength.

The Congo Conference.

THE CONGO QUESTION.

Recent official correspondence in regard to the Congo has been published. A letter from Prince Bismarck, dated June 17, says: "That is no cause for the Anglo-Portuguese treaty will be generally recognized." In reply to this, dated June 30, Earl Granville, British foreign secretary, says: "Owing to the fundamental character of Germany's objection, the treaty has been abandoned. He then proposes to arrange with Germany for a river commission. After further interchanges, Prince Bismarck proposed calling a conference of the powers to discuss the whole Congo question. Earl Granville at once accepted the proposal.

John A. Kasson, American minister, has announced that Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, has been appointed Teutonic delegate to the Congo conference for America.

Henry M. Stanley Friday spoke on behalf of the United States before the Congo conference. His remarks were delivered with great clearness, cogency and force. He explained his views concerning the difference between the geographical and commercial basin of the Congo. There were two conceptions by no means identical. If the powers only adopted the former they would deprive the Upper Congo of its natural and necessary outlet, which outlet should comprise all affluents of the Congo and also the basins of other great lakes and rivers. It would be absurd to accept the geographical basin of the Congo merely because the rapids render the Congo unpracticable as an exclusive trade route; therefore divergent channels must be made available. The commercial conception of the basin must be adopted, which implied a great stretch of the western literal, and comprised all Central Africa, and extended even to the eastern shore of the continent.

FREE TRADE ON THE CONGO.

The Berlin correspondent of the London *Times* says: Portugal, while maintaining her territorial rights at the mouth of the Congo river, has privately informed members of the conference that she accepts the principle of free trade on the whole river.

General Sandford has been appointed additional delegate to the Congo conference for the United States and attended Wednesday's sitting.

THE CONGO QUESTION.

The Cologne *Gazette* publishes the text of Germany's proposals regarding Congo, in the following manner: "The delegates of 15 states, including America, have agreed to the following declaration: In regions forming the basin of the Congo and its tributaries, the limits of which the conference will fix, there shall be perfectly free trade for all nations. Commodities shall be imported and exported free of duty, except such as shall be necessary, in the interest of general trade, the powers exercising sovereign right in the Congo regions are forbidden to exercise monopolies or favors any kind in regard to trade; foreigners are to enjoy, without distinction, the same treatment and same rights as citizens of the soverign state; all powers exercising soverign rights shall bind themselves to co-operate in the endeavor to suppress slavery and promote the work of missions and all institutions which tend to the civilization of the natives."

China.

FRANCE AND CHINA.

A Shanghai dispatch says peace negotiations have been suspended. The French have made overtures to the English and American pilots on Yang Tze River. Pilots demand 44,000 taels (about $60,000) each. The Chinese complain of this action on the part of neutrals.

WILL FIGHT.

The Chinese iron clads Cho Lung and Yung Wei have arrived at Shanghai. They intend to force the French blockade off the island of Formosa.

Admiral Courbet telegraphs that the appearance of several Chinese blockade runners compelled him to make an extension of his line of blockade on the coast of Formosa. The French squadron are still on the defensive awaiting reinforcements.

Le Paris of Thursday says: "Gen. Briere de Lisle, commander of the French forces at Tonquin, telegraphs that the Chinese made a vigorous attack on the French gun boats Eclaire and Trombast. They were lying along the river. The Eclaire was reverberating the garrison at Fu Yen Quan. One sailor was killed and eight wounded. Gen. De Lisle reported 8,000 Chinese coming down the Red river, and he was ready to meet them. He sent Col. Duchesne to relieve Fu Yen Quan and clear that region of the enemy's forces."

A Hong Kong dispatch says: "The reports of French victories in Formosa are fabrications, and their successes in Tonquin overrated. The French invaders are at a standstill; their operations are confined to the Delta in Tonquin and Kiung harbor, Formosa. The Chinese are assuming the offensive in both Tonquin and Formosa. Before the French can resume the aggressive they must have an additional 15,000 men in Tonquin, and 10,000 in Formosa. An expedition to Pekin would be cheaper in the matter of both men and money."

Canada.

At Montreal a convict named Fauteaux escaped from the St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary, after a plucky conflict with the guards, one of whom he shot through the leg. He was traced and located in a house of ill-fame. When the detectives proceeded to arrest him Fauteaux drew a revolver and shot one of them in the cheek. A second shot missed them, whereupon one of the detectives drew his revolver, shooting Fauteaux through the heart.

IS IT A HOAX?

Prof. Selwyn, superintendent of the Ontario geological survey, states that the story of an immense sea or lake having been discovered in the northern part of the province of Quebec is a hoax. Lake Mistassini, which the exploration party recently returned to Quebec reports as having discovered, was surveyed by Prof. Selwyn in 1870.

CLEVELAND TO BE INVITED.

The Montreal Carnival committee resolved to invite President-elect Cleveland as the committee's guest during the carnival. A deputation was appointed to wait on him and tender the invitation.

Cholera.

There was a sharp frost in Paris Wednesday night, which it is believed will have a beneficial effect in repressing the cholera.

Complete official returns of cholera in the province of Naples show there were 14,057 cases and 7,148 deaths, while the number 12,404 cases and 6,629 deaths were in the city of Naples.

Foreign.

A London dispatch says: "The Red Star line steamship Pennland, which sailed from New York, the 5th inst., for Antwerp, was in collision with a Swedish bark off Goodwin Sands, and the bark sunk. No details of the disaster yet received."

Japan.

ACTIVITY IN JAPAN.

Advices from Japan are that the army and navy are being energetically pushed on to a war footing; compulsory military service is strictly insisted upon, and it is no longer possible to purchase exemption. This activity is said to be entirely as connected with the Franco-Chinese troubles. A private letter from a Japanese official states that his government will soon call a conference of foreign ministers of the capitol to consider the proposed revision of nearly all tariffs.

BUSINESS MATTERS.

The stockholders of the New York Metropolitan bank met and voted for that institution to go into voluntary liquidation. Cashier McGourkey says that the liquidation will begin immediately.

The failure of H. H. Dennis, grain commission merchant, was announced on the Chicago board of trade Tuesday. Liabilities on 'change, $12,000. It is stated outside and old debts will make the aggregate $50,000, with small assets.

The private bank of Adams & Leonard, Dallas, Tex., closed its doors at noon Thursday. It is believed the embarrassment is only temporary. The assets amount to nearly half a million, largely invested in Texas lands. The liabilities are not known. The suspension is a great surprise.

A special from Dallas, Tex., says: "David Gosling, a wholesale and retail china and crockery ware dealer, has assigned. Gosling's establishment was known as the 'China Hall,' and was one of the largest queensware houses in Texas. Attachments aggregating $20,000 were levied after the assignment."

The business failures throughout the country the last seven days, as reported by R. G. Dun & Co., number in the United States 243; Canada, 29; total, 277. This is a striking increase when compared with last week, when the total was 236, and the previous week 214. The increase is mainly in Western and Southern states.

The Grand Opera House, St. Louis, in Ashes.

The Grand opera house, on Market street, between Fifth and Sixth streets, St. Louis, burned Sunday afternoon. The loss is from $125,000 to $150,000. The fire broke out in the front part of the basement, ascended by the stairway to the roof and thence spread all over the building, and in the course of three hours the beautiful theatre, with its handsome decorations, valuable machinery, scenery and effects, but a mass of ruins, nothing being left but the bare walls and one of them partially destroyed. Nat Goodwin's company and all their baggage was in the opera house, but fire starting in the front part of the building gave the company ample time and they saved all their property. John W. Norton, manager, was not so fortunate, however, as his entire personal wardrobe and a valuable actor's library being in the front part of the building, were totally destroyed. His loss is about $7,000. The insurance on the theatre is about $50,000.

The Plenary Council.

A meeting of some of the bishops in attendance at the plenary council and representative Catholics in Baltimore, was held Tuesday night. The report from the directors of the Irish Catholic Colonization association as to its work and progress in the West. Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, presided. W. J. Donahan, secretary, of Chicago, gave a history of the operations of the association. His report of the financial condition showed the stock being redeemed at par with 17 per cent. dividends. The colonists are established in Nebraska and Minnesota, and are in a prosperous condition. Bishop Spalding, Bishop Ireland of St. Paul, and others offered suggestions in the course of their addresses.

Arrested on a Charge of Libel.

L. Lum Smith, publisher of an advertising sheet called the *Agents' Herald*, Philadelphia, was arrested on November 20, on complaint of E. Duncan Sniffen, of New York, on a charge of continuous libel, in a suit for $100,000 damages. Smith was released under $5,000 bail.

FIRE RECORD.

A cotton warehouse and 362 bales of cotton were destroyed by an incendiary fire a Alexandria, Va.

Fire at Greenville, Pa., partially destroyed the dry goods store of William Paden. Loss, $10,000.

The fire in the supply office of the Calumet and Hecla mine at Calumet, Lake Superior, last Saturday, is reported to have caused damage of $30,000.

A special from Hickman, Ky., reports a large portion of the business part of the town was destroyed by fire during a Democratic torchlight procession Wednesday night. Loss, $125,000; insurance small.

At Haverhill, Mass., on November 20, the Brickett building, several stores in the basement of the Craighton house, Mrs. Clark proprietress, and several boarding houses in rooms above, burned this morning. The fire originated in the hotel, and quickly spread to the roof, four stories above. The hotel had 29 inmates, who barely escaped with their lives. Several tied their bedclothes together and came down on the outside of the building. One man was badly cut by sliding down a telephone wire. A baby was tied up in a sheet and thrown to the firemen. Katche Gilmartin and Josie Branahan jumped from the fourth story window. The Gilmartin girl received fatal injuries; the other girl was seriously hurt.

Losses as follows: Frothingham & Underhill, druggists, $10,000; insurance, $7,000; Frank Page, $1,000; Mrs. Clark, $3,000; insurance, $1,500; on building, $6,000; individual loss, $2,000. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Marriage Contract Annulled.

A year ago Tamsen Walker, 20 years old, daughter of a man of wealth and social standing, ran away from her home in Waterford, W. Va., with John Ash, a negro servant in the family, 15 to 20 years her senior, physically crippled, and of inferior appearance. The two were quietly married at Cleveland. Subsequently the father tracked his daughter, found her living alone, and serving as a domestic in a private family. He finally prevailed on her to return home and later entered suit at Cleveland to have the marriage contract annulled. Tamsen, in his affidavit, states that Ash, having care of her when a child, obtained influence over her and by means of this and by threats accomplished her ruin. Finding herself about to become a mother she consented to elope and marry him, but immediately after the ceremony left and refused to live with him. Ash, in answer, claimed their relations were sought by Tamsen; that marriage was at her instance; that she is under duress, and if left to follow her inclination would remain his wife. The Common Pleas court Friday, after hearing, annulled the marriage contract.

He Will Get All the "Romance" He Wants.

A week ago a man, giving the name of Willis Green, arrived at West Point, Ga., from the Alabama side of the river, with Miss Henderson, a lady of excellent family, and they were married. The groom alleged that he wanted a spice of romance by an elopement. It now develops that he has a wife and three children in another part of the state. The fair victim's brother is now after him with a shotgun.

Virginia Forest Fires.

Forest fires are burning in Greensville county, Va. In the neighborhood of Hicksford, considerable quantities of timber have been destroyed and some few houses, with a large amount of fencing. In consequence of the protracted drouth the grass and undergrowth has become dry, and the least spark will ignite it.

Washington Territory.

Watson Squire, governor of Washington Territory, in his annual report, says the manufacturing industries of the territory have attained a highly gratifying degree of improvement, that of lumber taking the lead. In many cases Indians are engaged in prosperously cultivating the soil, and it is believed the system of allotting a suitable quantity of land to them can and ought to be encouraged.

Touching the territorial law, conferring upon women the right to vote, the governor says: "Although many of our citizens are disposed to question the wisdom of this law, especially when attended with the requirement that women should serve as jurors, it meets with approval by a large majority of the people, and the women in the territory are for most part thoroughly desirous that the enactment be retained upon the statute books. Thus far it seems attended with no important results unfavorable to the welfare of the people."

The report states the value of assessed property in the territory is $50,513,852. The territory is entirely out of debt, and July 1, 1884, had a balance of $47,000 in the treasury. The population is estimated at 1,500,000, and the governor, in conclusion, presents a number of reasons to support the claim of Washington territory for admission into the Union as a state.

A Knights of Honor Sensation.

A sensation was created in Louisville Monday by a publication in the Boston Knights of Honor *Observer*, charging that Robert J. Breckenridge, late Supreme Treasurer of the Knights of Honor, is a defaulter in the sum of $160,000, Incidentally, the same paper refers to Col. Breckenridge as "a rival to Capt. Kidd and other pe.sonages." Numerous other insinuations and charges are multiplied together with the same to half a column. In addition to the local report the *Observer* speaks editorially of Col. Breckenridge and arraigns him for being accountable for large sums of money to the widows and orphans of departed brethren. The Knights of Honor *Observer* is edited by a Mr. Cummings, who is very intimate here with Gen. Sloat, supreme dictator of the Knights of Honor, and J. W. Branch, who succeeded Col. Breckenridge as supreme treasurer. Col. Breckenridge is in Louisville, and denies the charge, pronouncing the whole thing a tissue of falsehoods. Said he: "I have received money which has not been paid, but I was ordered by the chancery court to pay no more benefits after October 18 last, and I obeyed the order. For this reason there is now a considerable amount in the People's bank to the credit of the Knights of Honor." The general opinion among the members of the Knights of Honor is that the charge is not true. Col. Breckenridge will sue for libel.

A Very Good Alligator Story.

A special from Little Rock, Ark., tells the following story: The moaster alligator which has inhabited the swamps near Tucker's lake, Jefferson county, is no more. For many years it ruled supreme for a radius of several miles around its marshy home. The community avoided the swampy lair, and terror and dismay overcame those that were compelled to venture near. It remained for Miss Dottie L. Steck, of Bellewood, Pa., to remove this incumbrance, which she did with a dexterity that would cause the ordinary female heart to shudder. The young lady, who is visiting relatives in that county, whose residence is near the lake, upon hearing the alligator story, determined to capture the thing. Being accustomed to adventures at her home in the Alleghenies, she laughed at the idea of serious results, and, in company with two young ladies and several gentleman, set out to accomplish her purpose. The party soon struck the trail and tracked the alligator to his den. A hole in the sandy bank indicated the location, and a few minutes' digging revealed the object of the search, and the ominous growls and furious lashings that arose from the spot informed the adventurers that the king of reptiles was within. The egress from the den to the lake having been securely stopped up, the enraged beast found its avenue of escape cut off, and rushed up and down its bed uttering wicked growls, furiously lashing the mud, and scattered the water in all directions. Pieces of timber and fence-rails were pushed into its mouth, only to be crushed and snapped off by its ponderous jaws. A rope and chain, made into a lasso, was thrown over the brute's head. Then he was suddenly jerked to the bank. The appearance of the monster in the midst of the venturesome party created a panic, and all save the heroine beat a hasty retreat, selecting the further side of a friendly oak as a place of safety. With gun in hand, the young lady stood within a few feet of the now thoroughly enraged beast, which was growling, struggling, and slashing its tail on the ground in a frightful manner, and when the opportunity presented itself she fired both barrels in rapid succession. The aim did its work. The alligator gave tremendous lurches and roars, and expired. Both shots had entered one of the few penetratable places, at the base of the jaw. It measured a fraction over ten feet in length. The hide was removed and is in the possession of Miss Steck.

A Monday's special from Sprague, Wv., says: "The sheriff started this morning with a posse of 80 men, armed with Winchester rifles, to overpower a mob in possession of the court house at Davenport, who refuse to allow the records to be taken away to this place, which was chosen the county seat at the election on the 4th inst. Davenport is situated 21 miles from here."

A Hard Winter.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 24.—The notification of reduction of wages recently given the glass workers employed in McKee Bros. factory seems to have been but the first indication of a movement among the flint glass manufacturers for a general reduction. The workers in all flint glass factories on the South Side have been informed that wages will be reduced by ten per cent. Workmen employed in the meltiug department of Park Bro.'s steel works were also notified of reduction of wages. A similar reduction will also be made in the hammer department in a few days. The men say they realize the dullness of trade, and will accept the cut without a murmur.

LEWISTON, Me., Nov. 24.—Hill & Andrews's mills shut down Saturday night for a week. The Continental mill will run only the first three days this week. The Lewiston corporation will run on two-thirds time for the present. Farwell's mills at Lisbon announces a five to ten per cent. reduction.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 24.—Workmen in the pudelling department of Shoenberger's iron mill were notified last night that the department will be temporarily suspended owing to the scarcity of orders. The nail department will also probably close down next Wednesday night.

Kept Chained for 36 Years.

A special from Reading, Pa., says a representative of the State board of Charities discovered that Nicholas Seidel, an insane man of 78 years, was confined in a log but on a farm near Reading, where he has been kept chained for a period of 36 years by his nephew, who lives on his farm. The latter refused to permit the visitors to see the unfortunate man. The case will be reported to the state officials, and the man will probably be removed to an asylum.

Drouth in New Hampshire.

NASHUA, Nov. 24.—The drouth has become very serious. Farmers have to drive their stock long distances for water, and are also troubled in obtaining water for household purposes. In this city the sewerage is affected, and scarlet fever is raging. The Board of Education voted to close the public schools.

Hendricks to be Thrown Overboard for Voorhees—Pendleton Has Enough of Civil Service Reform.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24.—It is understood here that the reason Voorhees was summoned by telegraph to Albany is that Cleveland is jealous of Hendricks, who has been talking quite flubby of what he accomplished in the campaign, and has determined to throw Hendricks overboard and let Voorhees dictate the Indiana appointments. The Hendricks plot at Chicago to kill off the Cleveland boom has not been forgotten by the President-elect, and it is said the Vice President's influence with the new administration will not be very marked.

Washington, Nov. 24.—Hon. Sam Pendleton, of Ohio, the author of the present civil service law, who is now here, has become a convert to the spoils system so far as the law will permit. A Democratic administration is about to be inaugurated and the truly good senator says that as the present law only protects about 14,000 out of 80,000 public officials, it would be extremely absurd for the Democrats to allow longer in office any one who can be removed. Mr. Pendleton has evidently forgotten the doleful picture he presented two years ago of the effects of the removal of public officials when an administration changes, and the appointments of others in their places for political reasons alone. At that time he considered the Democratic chances for capturing the Presidency extremely weak, but the bubble has now it makes a difference whose ox is gored.

COLUMBUS, Nov. 24.—It is very generally understood about Columbus that Sen. Thurman will not accept any office within the gift of Cleveland. It is well known that his love for that gentleman has not increased to any very great extent since his election, and has carefully refrained from saying anything complimentary of the man who defeated him at the Chicago convention. It is not likely that he will be offered a position, or that he would accept even the portfolio of state if it were tendered him. On the other hand, he is said to be willing to do all he can to further the interests of his friend Durbin Ward.

Shot His Brother—An Ohio Man in New York.

A New York dispatch of Wednesday says: Louis and Edward Guild, Frenchmen, aged 32 and 26 years, arrived here Sunday last and went to an emigrant boarding house on Greenwich street, where they engaged rooms. This afternoon Louis shot his brother in the head, inflicting a mortal wound and then killed himself. The shooting occurred in a bedroom. When the inmates of the house rushed up stairs they found Louis dead and Edward staggering around the room with a frightful wound in the head. Edward said, pointing to his brother, "He did it." In a drawer a loaded revolver was found, apparently on friendly terms. While they were eating, Louis, addressing his brother, said, "It's all right if we haven't money, these will settle us," exhibiting a revolver and two cartridges. The brothers came from Canton, Stark county, O., and left there with the intention of returning to their native place. Sunday last Edward went out with $155 in his pockets and got drunk and lost his money. The thought of the loss of the money affected Louis' reason and led to the double shooting. The two brothers had been drinking much during the last two or three days and had become so boisterous they had been told to leave by the boarding house keeper. A letter from Virgil G. Gilmore, of Gilmore & Co., bankers, of Cincinnati, was found on the body of Louis, in which mention was made of drafts and money in favor of both brothers. There was also found an inventory of the estate, part of which both brothers had become heirs to. Naturalization papers were found in Louis' pocket granted by the Probate court of Stark county. The deceased had boasted on Sunday that the papers were procured after only four years' residence in the country, and that he had been paid $20 for illegal voting in Ohio at the recent election.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Gen. Grant is reported ill in bed at his home in New York.

The corner stone of the Crematory Temple, Greenpoint, L. I., was laid November 19.

A bill has been introduced in the Vermont legislature prohibiting the use in that state of barbed wire for fencing.

A French transport will sail for New York May next with the Bartholdi statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World."

The Illinois Supreme court has affirmed the validity of the Chicago ordinance imposing upon distillers a license fee of $500 per year.

Ah Kee, a Chinaman who shipped on a vessel at Calcutta and deserted at New York, has been ordered by a United States commissioner to leave the country.

Contracts have been given Chas. Dillon, a young Boston artist, for a bronze equestrian statue of Paul Revere, double life size, mounted upon a granite pelestal. The statue will cost $25,000.

Eight negroes called on Mayor Edson, of New York, and after stating that they had arrived from Galveston and were without funds, asked to be sent to Liberia. They were sent to Castle Garden.

In the matter of the estate of Wilbur F. Storey, the Probate court allowed Eureka C. Storey to appeal from its order appointing A. L. Patterson administrator-to-collect on her filing a bond for $30,000 within 20 days.

Lieutenant Greely read a paper relating to his recently ended expedition before the American Geographical society in New York Friday night. The hall was crowded with people who had come to give the celebrated explorer a warm reception.

The tomb of an Indian chief, with many valuable treasures, was opened on a farm two miles north of Binghampton, N. Y., Monday night. Implements found in the tomb date back to a time before the discovery of the continent by Columbus.

Hon. James Speed, attorney general under Lincoln, is quite ill from a sudden attack of vertigo, brought on by indigestion. He was stricken while arguing a law case at Louisville. His advanced age makes his friends very uneasy about his recovery.

A citizen of Kershaw county, South Carolina, has sent to a federal marshal at Camden a steel plate for printing 2-cent postage stamps of the old issue, with a vignette of Pres. Jackson. It was found among the effects of a dead planter, and was well worn from use.

An immense school of black-fish, which made its appearance Saturday afternoon inside Cape Cod, was pursued to Wellfleet Bay by a fleet of whale-boats, representing every village from Dennis to Provincetown. The last fish was killed Tuesday evening. The catch is valued at $25,000.

Mrs. B. Walker, of Niagara Falls, has been appointed special state commissioner for women's work at the New Orleans world's expedition. All articles will be forwarded and returned free of expense to the exhibition. Mrs. Walker can be addressed at 33 West Sixty-first street, New York City.

The local papers in the Virginia counties visited with the fatal scourge make only a brief mention of its ravages, but further information shows the former reports not exaggerated. The Gaysville *Times*, Wise county, says 150 deaths occurred in that county. The disease spreads over a considerable section, but is worse in Wise, Lee, Buchanan and Dickinson counties. Rains have fallen there in the last two days and the foul water supply, which is supposed was the cause of the trouble, is replenished and the disease reported abating. Physicians describe it as an acute typhoid dysentery.

The members of the various G. A. R. posts in Cincinnati have adopted a petition to be circulated throughout the United States for signatures, and then presented to Congress at its next session, urging legislation toward securing to each sailor and soldier of the late war a tract of 160 acres of public lands.

The suit brought by the executor of the estate of the late Gazaway B. Lamar against the secretary of the treasury to recover $110,000 for cotton taken during the war was dismissed by Judge Sherman in the United States district court of New York; on the grounds that the plaintiffs had failed to make out a cause for action.

A Kingwood, W. Va., special says a remarkable cavern has just been discovered on Cheat River, near that place. There are seven chambers, the smallest of which is 75 feet long by 40 broad and 30 high. The caverns have not all been explored, but are believed to be very extensive.

A number of Presbyterians of the Presbyterian church have been in session at Xenia, O., for the past week, for the purpose of taking measures to have the organ excluded from the church. Resolutions to lay the matter before the next general assembly were passed. The Presbyteries represented a number of states.

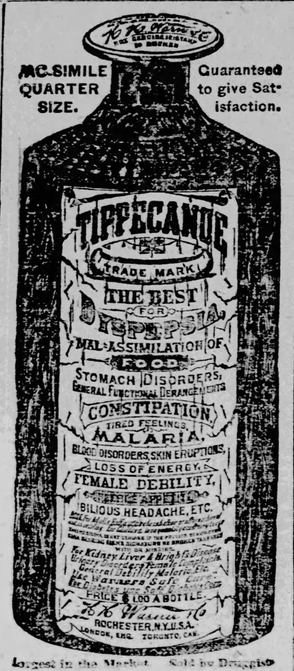
The wedding of Marshall Orme Wilson and Caroline S. Astor, youngest and only unmarried daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Astor, which took place Tuesday, was the society event of the season. The bridesmaids and ushers received gifts of diamonds from the bride and groom. The presents from the bride included a house from Mrs. Astor. The value of the presents is estimated at $250,000. The reception lasted four hours.

The Evangelical Alliance of the United States met in New York Monday night, for the first time since the International conference at Copenhagen. Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, fraternal delegate of the American Alliance to the conference, made his report. He thought one of the greatest drawbacks to the success of the Christian church to-day was its denominational distinctions. Rev. Prof. R. T. Weidner, of the Augusta Theological Seminary of Illinois, delivered an address upon "The Religious Condition of Sweden."

A special from Big Springs, Texas, says: A band of Chiricahua Indians Monday raided a ranch in Presidio county and murdered Mr. and Mrs. Petty and carried three children into captivity. The band comprised about 50 Indians, who are terrorizing the country and destroying property as they pass through. A scouting party, under Lieut. Eggleston, has left Camp Pena, in Presidio county, in pursuit of the Indians. Later information from the interior states that the children were also murdered, but this is not yet confirmed. A mining engineer named Colsard, encamped near Petty ranch, is missing.

The first assistant Postmaster General has received a letter from a country postmaster making the following heartrending enquiries: "If the United States has a Democratic President will there be Democratic Postmasters instead of Republican? Will it affect fourth-class offices? Will there be a change of postal clerks?" The official who received the letter thinks the best way to reply will be to send the anxious inquirer the brief extract from George William Curtis' speech at Chicago, alluding to "the very hungry and very thirsty" condition of the Democratic party.

Issue of silver dollars for the week ended November 22, $581,497; corresponding period last year, $301,998.



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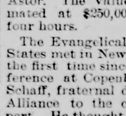

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186 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, WEDNESDAY, Nov. 26, 1884.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Loans, decrease	$3,010,700
Specie, increase	2,013,900
Legal tenders, increase	888,300
Deposits, increase	533,700
Circulation, de rease	529,900
Reserve, increase	2,771,525

The banks hold $40,246,050 in excess of legal requirements.

To-day's reports up to the latest hour by telegraph to the BLADE say money is loaning at 1@1½ ₱ cent. Prime mercantile paper, 4½@6. Bar silver, 1081/8. Sterling exchange, $4 81½ for long, and $4 83½ for short. Government bonds easier. Stocks at noon were strong and higher, advancing ¼@1¼.

Government bonds — 3s, 101¼ bid; 4½s, 113½; 4s, 123½. Pacific 6s, of '95, 128.

The following will show the change in Government bonds during the past week:

	Nov. 25.	Nov. 18.
4½'s coupons	112½	113¾
4's coupons	123½	121⅝
3's registered	101	101
Pacific 6's, '95	126	126

TRADE.

Trade in some branches exhibited a little more life during the past week than the one immediately preceding, yet there was no special activity. The holiday trade promises to be fairly good.

THE MARKETS.

On Tuesday of last week No 2 Red wheat was worth 67¼c in this market; on Wednesday it stood at 67½c; and on Thursday, Friday and Saturday the value was 67¾c, showing an improvement during the week of ¼c. No 2 soft Red wheat within the week declined 1c.

Toledo Market.

Within the past week the wheat markets of the United States have been a little irregular, but showed a somewhat better tone than during the preceding week. I cash wheat there was an improvement of ¼ to 1c and in wheat for future delivery the advance marks 2c for December and 3½c for January. Wheat would seem to have touched its lowest point, and the present indications are that at the close of the present week an advance will be shown on present prices. Farmers are not selling ther wheat as freely as was expected, and as the average of wheat next year is likely to be much less than in 1884, the prospects are that the wheat markets will soon develope greater strength than at present. Corn is not arriving freely, yet the tone of the market has been weak and prices lower.

General Produce.

BUFFALO, Nov. 25.—Stormy weather; nothing doing; prices nominally unchanged.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 24—Wheat—Market higher; cash, 51¾c bid; 51¾c asked; December, 52c; January, 53¾c. Corn—Higher; cash, 27@28c; December, 26¼c asked; year, 25c asked; January, 25c bid; May, 27c. Oats—Dull and nominal; 22c bid; 23c asked.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 25.—Wheat feverish but active; No 2, 73¼c; November, 73¾c; December, 73¾c; January, 76¾c. Corn dull; No 2 nominal. Oats easier; No 2 white, 25½c. Rye steady; No 1, 46c. Barley firmer; No. 2, 52c; extra No 3, 47c.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 25.—Oil—Market dull and very little doing; opened at 72c, declined to 71c, and at 1:30 o'clock 71¼c bid. The hourly gauge of the Baldridge wells are as follows: Armstrong, 250 bbls; Forest, 200 bbls; Conner, 54 bbls; Conner No 2, 63 bbls; Gibson No 2, 75 bbls; Fisher No 3, 63 bbls.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 25.—Flour dull and unchanged; family, $3 60@3 80; fancy, $3 80@4 00; wheat firmer; No 3 Red at 65c. Corn weak; No 1 mixed, 32c; No 2 firm at 28½c. Rye easier at 53½@54c. Barley firm and unchanged; extra No 3 fall at 70c. Pork quiet at $12 50. Lard firmer; held at $7 00. Rulk meats and bacon quiet and unchanged. Whisky firm at